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MONTHLY

THE
**ENGLISH
REVIEW**



Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

FEBRUARY 1917

The Legend of Saint Actè (I)	Douglas Ainslie
The Shadow-Line (VI)	Joseph Conrad
Mr. H. A. Barker and the Medical Faculty	W. Llew Williams
The Day of Judgment	Caradoc Evans

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Do It Now	Frederic Harrison
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The Feeding of England	Agricola
Martial Law and Women	Mrs. Alec-Tweedie
The Map of Europe	Miles
Irish Peace Talk	Ronald M'Neill, M.P.
The War Loan	Raymond Radclyffe
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Books	

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OVERHEARD

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend

She. It was offered to them for a hospital . . . just a great big empty house—absolutely *no* conveniences, and d'you know they were going to start straight away to furnish the place without any arrangements for light, fires, hot water or cooking! So mother and I simply rushed round to the gas manager—a topping good sort he was, too—and he said he'd pull us through.

He. Well?

She. The gas people set to work at once and we had gas radiators fixed in the corridors, incandescent gas everywhere, gas fires in the ward rooms, a gas incinerator—

He. My aunt! What on earth—?

She. Oh! a thing you burn rubbish in—gas sterilizers for the swabs and dressings, gas cookers in the kitchens, gas water-heaters for bath-rooms and all in

two days. We *did* work, I can tell you.

He. Reg'lar old gas works I call it—

She. A lot *you* know about it; why, you couldn't have done it with anything else in the time, stupid! Besides, don't you see, it saves such a lot of work, and it's so clean and convenient! You'd have to carry coals all over the place, make fires, clean grates and all that—how'd you get the work done?—and how'd you get hot

water to bath and wash in for a big place like that from the kitchen range?

He. Blest if I know, but—

She. Well, anyhow, when the Colonel saw it he was awf'ly bucked and I must say it looked top hole.

He. What did the old man say?

She (sweetly). Offered us staff appointments so's we cou'd teach "his young blighters" how to hustle!



So's we could teach "his young blighters" how to hustle!

Advertisement Supplement

Peg Tops and Tub Effects ¶ Fashion decrees the pegtop or tub figure this spring, and although the suggestion is somewhat startling in print, the first pegtop model skirts are quite delightful, and women who visit the costume *salons* at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, will be convinced that the new skirts are graceful, comfortable, and becoming. The fulness is cleverly disposed in soft folds round the hips, and the decrease is very gradual towards the hem, but a slight clipping in round the ankles is unmistakable. In its present form nothing could be prettier than this new style, which is restrained and in no sense extreme. Two very attractive models are in bottle-green and in brown. The first skirt is cut all in one from the waist, and the brown has a line round the hips. The coats with these are just simple banded styles, with decorative collars, revers, and cuffs. A jumper shape coat in soft mole colour with a pegtop skirt is a new and fascinating model for a young girl, and there is a delightful French model in the same mode, which is one of the spring novelties now on view. A long, graceful coat, very artistic in design, with a brocade waistcoat, has one of the fashionable full skirts which will still be in vogue for early spring wear. The pegtop skirt, by the way, is quite short, but not extremely so.

The Soldiers' Soap ¶ What the soldiers pronounce good is good, and who better than the soldiers can judge the merits of soap! They need it in the trenches far more than we do at home, and they have long voted for Wright's Coal Tar, which not only acts as a disinfectant, but soothes, protects, and heals. This soap is now known as the soldiers' soap, and is sold everywhere in the United Kingdom at fourpence a tablet. A box of three tablets is always a useful and acceptable present to send to a man at the front.

Striped Shirts for Spring Wear ¶ The fashionable shirt for the spring is the striped shirt, and some of the most artistic colourings are designed on white grounds in Japanese silk, *crêpe de Chine* and other fabrics. Some of the most attractive tailor-made shirts are now ready for the spring at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Vere Street and Oxford Street. These are designed in plain and striped materials, suitable for sporting purposes and to wear with the new tailor suits. A triple *ninon* tailor shirt is very graceful at 29s. 6d. in ivory, champagne, pink, mauve, and sky. It has soft hanging *rever* fronts, and is gathered full from the shoulder with inset sleeves. There are striped shirts in great variety on white grounds also at 29s. 6d. One in washing *celes crêpe* has inset sleeves and small pockets. A soft silk radium tailor shirt at the same price in ivory and various shades has full softly hanging fronts and



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collar *revers* and tie cut in one, the tie caught together with pearl ring.

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Economic and Nutritious Foods

¶ Never has the food question been more absorbing than it is at present, when we are faced not only with a shortage of essential commodities, but also with the lack of pence to buy them. It is imperative, therefore, that we make a point of finding out what are the best and most nutritious foods on the market. The P.R. Foods rank high in food values, and are certainly appetising and economical. The Breakfast Food is the realisation of the high ideal of absolute purity, real body-building nutriment, and a flavour which captivates. No cooking is required. It should be eaten as dry as possible, with the addition of a little milk or fresh cream, or P.R. Nut Cream, which is good and wholesome. The P.R. Breakfast Food is quite moderately priced at 6½d. a packet. The P.R. Stamina Food—a specially prepared cereal product of high nutritive value and extreme digestibility—is a perfect food for infants, invalids, and old people, and there are many kinds of delicious biscuits. The wholemeal are absolutely pure and contain no chemical raising materials. These biscuits are ideal substitutes for bread, and very nutritious, and with fresh fruit and P.R. Sun Food they make an excellent and appetising meal. A special sample box will be sent to any reader of the *ENGLISH REVIEW* on receipt of ninepence by the Wallace P.R. Foods Co., Ltd., of 48 Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N. A meal in a moment quite as appetising as an ordinary dinner can be prepared from the "P.R." biscuits—Cracker, Oliver, Flakit, Crispit, Hazel Crisps, Plain Lunch, Barley or Flaked Wheat, with "P.R." Nut Butter and a fruitarian cake of "P.R." Sun Food, with an apple or an orange by way of dessert, and a cup of "P.R." Coffee.

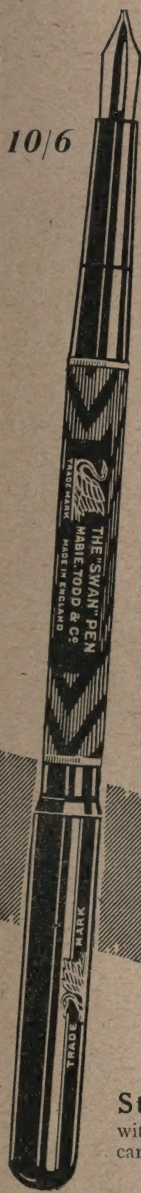
War Trophies

¶ There are many ingenious uses to which war trophies may be put, and all who bring home the spoils of war have some special reason for desiring to preserve them. Each piece will tell a story in the years to come and revive memories of the greatest war ever known. Many ways of adapting such trophies to practical uses have been devised by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of 112 Regent Street, W. Eagles from the German helmet are used as fancy dictators. Excellent inkstands are made from the time-fuses of shells. Brass shell-cases are mounted on wood as dinner-gongs, lampstands, candlesticks, and vases, and aeroplane propellers are effectively converted into clocks. In a word, the deadly weapons of destruction which have an individual history can all be rendered into artistic and harmless possessions of real use and value to their owners.

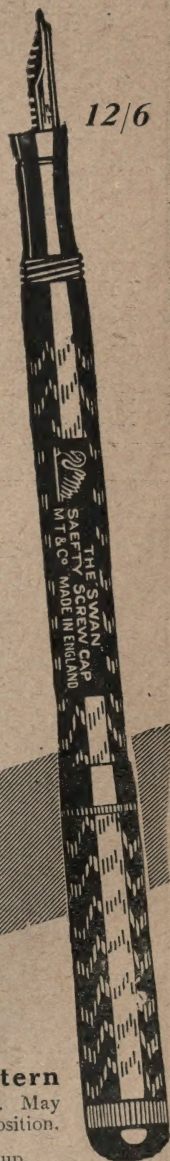
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Edited by Austin Harrison

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1917

The Legend of Saint Actè *

(I)

By Douglas Ainslie

DARKER than night the tale I tell
Than Actè's locks of night,
Yet lit with the rays of heaven that fell,
When the clouds were scattered o'er Actè's hell,
And her blue eyes gleamed bright,

And the pearly treasure set between
Two rows of roses,
And the firm small breasts of ivory sheen
And the smile where love himself was seen
To trip on a dimple and fall in,
And now reposes,

Lightened a moment under the goad,
And her soul drew breath beneath life's load.
Fatherless, motherless,
Sisterless, brotherless,
First as Athenian lute-player,
Does the dawn meet the night upon Actè's hair
As she trips a measure,
Then flutes to pleasure
Athenian lords at their ease reclining;
Then playing and tripping both entwining

* I found this story in Italy—a prose narrative by Chiesa—of which I have made copious use. I am not acquainted with its remoter origins.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Wreathes like the vine
About their wine,
A nymph of the forest agèd nine.

By the Sphinx of bronze and the Chimaera,
Wrapped in the leaves of platanus,
Thrown on the altar as a bale
Not worthy marketing for sale,
She was found on a day by the hag Neæra,
Who upon altars seeking thus
Robbed Pluto to enrich Priapus.
And when she saw the child grow fair,
Reckoned she quickly on the day
When her price should many times repay
The little cost to cherish her.
Therefore she combed and laved and nourished
The snowdrop slip with the wondrous eyes,
Blue as if dazzled with surprise
At those dark locks that early flourished
Their shadowy banners round her neck,
That ivory column withouten fleck,
Set on her slim white shoulders' slope.
Thus gilded was Neæra's hope.

Thus let us watch her sing and dance
Through the first mornings of her spring,
And reach the chance
That carried her from Neæra's thrall;
As Dionysia's lithe plaything,
Where Corinth all
Met in one perfumed vestibule,
And Dionysia, pleasure's queen,
Kept Paphian school.
Here greybeards came, right poor, with store
Of gold and years, and youth serene
Came empty-handed, yet full rich
With the spring of the blood at Corinthian pitch.
Dionysia loved full well
To hear her name like a silvery bell
Twinkling from lip to lip and to follow
The skim of the swallow,
Blame of her, praise of her,

THE LEGEND OF SAINT ACTÈ

Revelling, spending,
Sunlight unending,
At all the wild ways of her
Selling or giving
To young and to old, the supreme bliss of living—
For she, she alone, gave the true bliss of living.

Here in the crisp Corinthian air,
Knew Actè first that she was fair;
For a Grecian, Nikias, came one day
To wile with the courtezan away
The blue-gold hours of the mid-day rest.
Lying on the couch where first the west
Breeze flying on sightless wings was come,
This swarthy prince, this bright-eyed lover,
For wonderment was stricken dumb
When he saw the handmaid, Actè, hover
Psyche's white self, a butterfly,
Bidding the breeze with gentle fan
Go slowly, slowly, slowly by,
For here doth Dionysia lie.

First frowned, then laughed the courtezan,
When her eyes followed where his ran.
Sated with pleasure, old in vice,
Much gold he gave for the merchandise;
But who shall weigh, or who shall measure
The worth of a pandemonian pleasure?
With her he delicately toyed,
By Nikias first she was enjoyed.
For a moon she pleased him day and night,
In a moon he wearied of her sight.

Then on a day it chanced that he
Feasted a Roman governor,
Claudius Menippus, and when she
Danced for them, played for them,
Sang for them, made for them
Garlands of roses, ever more
The Roman praised her, and before
Of the goblets they had drained the last,
To a Roman master she had passed.
As Nikias soft, was Claudius cruel
And brutal to the tender jewel,

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Actè's white body lithe and fair,
Tossed by the Grecian to his care.
At Alexandria on the Nile
Dwelt she with Claudius sometime,
And suffered much, yet all endured,
For little slaves must smile and smile.
Then on a languorous autumn day,
When nigh two years had passed away,
She felt of a new, strange thing assured;
And tremblingly appealingly,
Came she to kneel before her lord,
A lute whereon mysteriously
Though clanged by man, God has struck a chord.
For little she knew of him but blows,
Save when from these she had repose
In pleasure that was other pain.
Yet respite surely will she gain—
If man he be—when this he knows.
He listens as she tells him how
There moves in her the life to be,
And having spoken, waits with downcast brow.
"Mine is the child," the answer came,
"And if a son shall bear my name,
But nothing must he know of thee."

Six months have passed, her pains are o'er,
Her silvery boy she doth adore
With mother's love adorable,
Which sometimes where no love hath been
Woman and man between
Will bloom triumphant as blue-bell
In the cranny of the gate of hell.

Forthright came word and as she slept,
Most treacherous slaves have wound and crept
To her poor couch, where tired with joy
She dreams of how her lusty boy
One day will be so great and strong
He'll shield his mother from all wrong,
They stole him from her as she slept.
On the morrow with tears and lamentation,

THE LEGEND OF SAINT ACTÈ

Waking she found her treasure gone,
And then most piteously weeping,
Beauty-drowned in tribulation,
She sought her master. Claudius frowned,
And drave her forth from board and bed :
"Liefer by far *my* son were drowned,
Than dandled in a wanton's keeping;
Harlot, 'twere better thou wert dead;
Go east or west, go south or north,
I make thee free, but go thou forth."
Thus freedom gave he without bread.
"My son," she piteously cried :
"He's mine, he came forth from my side,
Mine were the pangs"—loud, loud she cried :
"Give me my son, give me my son," she cried.
But Claudius clapped his palms, and slaves
Forthright came running, who with staves
Fell upon Actè where she kneeled,
Like a million tears in a tear congealed.
Full many a blow they gave her,
Ere from the house they drave her;
For like a statue kneeled she there
Cunningly carven of Despair,
White her poor face and white her hands,
Together clinched as with iron bands.
They drave her forth, and forth she went;
Bowed was her head and her chlamys rent,
From her forehead ruddy drops distilled;
Of her sandals one was torn and loose,
Broken the other from much of use;
As o'er the desert sands she trod,
Tumbled her locks about her head;
Her breasts with much of milk were filled;
Her arms and legs were bruised and red,
Yet thought she naught upon these things.
Nor yet blasphemed : she knew not God.
Two thoughts she had : "My son's arm clings
About my neck : would I were dead."
Herseemed she fared a night and a day,
When at eventide, afar, away,
A company she thought to see
O'er the desert toiling even as she;

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And to her mind this thought was given :
"Perchance those wanderers likewise may
By cruel men from their home be driven,
Yea, I will venture, and draw near."
A woman that on an ass did ride,
A man that walked at the woman's side,
And a babe in the woman's arms, she spied.
When the babe she saw, she lost all fear,
And her heart that but now ached for her boy,
Wherefore she knew not, leapt for joy.
"Hail to thee, hail!" the man cried out,
When she was come within reach of ear;
"Peradventure canst thou solve our doubt :
By Herod driven from Galilee,
Toward the land of Egypt, lo we flee,
To save our child, and fain would know
If to Egypt we be come about."
But Actè answered not a word,
For nothing of his speech she heard.
Her gaze on the babe was fixed, whose woe
Vainly the mother strove to stay
With mother murmur and mother play.
"Woman, why weepest thus thy child?"
And the mother : "For hunger weepeth He,
Not a drop of milk is there left to me,
Of speech no more is He beguiled."
Actè her bosom milk-impearled
Bared for the Saviour of the world.
She suckled, and the ass stood still,
As of a thistle he cropped his fill;
St. Joseph stooped to draw a thorn,
Wherewith someddeal his foot was torn.
Then Mary, mother of Jesus, smiled
Her smile celestial on her Child
And upon Actè, bliss entranced.
"Tell me, dear Sister, who art thou
That thus upon Our woe hast chanced?"
"Actè, the harlot, am I now."
She answered, and the scarlet name,
Which the Roman branded on her brow,
O'er the desert rang to the Roman's shame.
"One day my Son will think on thee.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT ACTÈ

Who of thy piety,
This day hast succoured Him and me.
Lo! twain to succour thee are near,"
Quoth Mary, and about the head
Of the Babe and the Mother light was shed,
As though the sun shone very clear,
And drew its light from their Godhead,
And at Actè's side two angels stood.
Azure their wings and star-bestrown.
Dazzled, fell Actè on her face.
When she arose, she stood alone
In moonlight, but she felt the grace
And their beats made a marvellous current,
Whereby she sped swiftly along;
Light as Zephyrus self grew her body,
And fresh and all innocent of wrong.
Like the zephyr she flew o'er the desert
To a city that stood on a hill;
Rosy-red were its portals, and lions
Were carved on the gates, and her will
Had quailed at the bowmen and warriors
That trod on the battlements above,
But now she was wafted within them,
Upborne on the pinions of love.
She knew not at all where she wandered,
But always she knows where they cry,
Poor babies that lack of a mother,
Poor mothers whose bosoms are dry.

(To be continued.)

The Shadow-Line (vi)

By Joseph Conrad

As we all went on it occurred to me that there ought to be a man at the helm. I raised my voice not much above a whisper, and, noiselessly, an uncomplaining spirit in a fever-consumed body appeared in the light aft, the head with hollow eyes illuminated against the blackness which had swallowed up our world—and the universe. The bared forearm extended over the upper spokes seemed to shine with a light of its own.

I murmured to that luminous appearance:

"Keep the helm right amidships."

It answered in a tone of patient suffering:

"Right amidships, Sir."

Then I descended to the quarter-deck. It was impossible to tell whence the blow would come. To look round the ship was to look into a bottomless, black pit. The eye lost itself in inconceivable depths.

I wanted to ascertain whether the ropes had been picked up off the deck. One could only do that by feeling with one's feet. In my cautious progress I came against a man in whom I recognised Ransome. He possessed an unimpaired physical solidity which was manifest to me at the contact. He was leaning against the quarter deck capstan and kept silent. It was like a revelation. He was the collapsed figure sobbing for breath I had noticed before we went on the poop.

"You have been helping with the mainsail!" I exclaimed in a low tone.

"Yes, Sir," sounded his quiet voice.

"Man! What were you thinking of? You mustn't do that sort of thing."

After a pause he assented. "I suppose I mustn't." Then after another short silence he added: "I am all right now," quickly, between the tell-tale gasps.

I could neither hear nor see anybody else; but when I spoke up, answering sad murmurs filled the quarter-deck, and its shadows seemed to shift here and there. I ordered all the halyards laid down on deck clear for running.

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"I'll see to that, Sir," volunteered Ransome in his natural, pleasant tone, which comforted one and aroused one's compassion too, somehow.

That man ought to have been in his bed, resting, and my plain duty was to send him there. But perhaps he would not have obeyed me. I had not the strength of mind to try. All I said was:

"Go about it quietly, Ransome."

Returning on the poop I approached Smith. His face, set with hollow shadows in the light, looked awful, finally silenced. I asked him how he felt, but hardly expected an answer. Therefore I was astonished at his comparative loquacity.

"Them shakes leaves me as weak as a kitten, Sir," he said, preserving finely that air of unconsciousness as to anything but his business a helmsman should never lose. "And before I can pick my strength up that there hot fit comes along and knocks me over again."

He sighed. There was no reproach in his tone, but the bare words were enough to give me a horrible pang of self-reproach. It held me dumb for a time. When the tormenting sensation had passed off I asked:

"Do you feel strong enough to prevent the rudder taking charge if she gets sternway on her? It wouldn't do to get something smashed about the steering-gear now. We've enough difficulties to cope with as it is."

He answered with just a shade of weariness that he was strong enough to hang on. He could promise me that she shouldn't take the wheel out of his hands. More he couldn't say.

At that moment Ransome appeared quite close to me, stepping out of the darkness into visibility suddenly, as if just created with his composed face and pleasant voice.

Every rope on deck, he said, was laid down clear for running, as far as one could make certain by feeling. It was impossible to see anything. Frenchy had stationed himself forward. He said he had a jump or two left in him yet.

Here a faint smile altered for an instant the clear, firm design of Ransome's lips. With his serious clear, grey eyes, his serene temperament—he was a priceless man altogether. Soul as firm as the muscles of his body.

He was the only man on board (except me, but I had

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to preserve my liberty of movement) who had a sufficiency of muscular strength to trust to. For a moment I thought I had better ask him to take the wheel. But the dreadful knowledge of the enemy he had to carry about him made me hesitate. In my ignorance of physiology it occurred to me that he might die suddenly, from excitement, at a critical moment.

While this gruesome fear restrained the ready words on the tip of my tongue, Ransome stepped back two paces and vanished from my sight.

At once an uneasiness possessed me, as if some support had been withdrawn. I moved forward too, outside the circle of light, into the darkness that stood in front of me like a wall. In one stride I penetrated it. Such must have been the darkness before creation. It had closed behind me. I knew I was invisible to the man at the helm. Neither could I see anything. He was alone, I was alone, every man was alone where he stood. And every form was gone too, spar, sail, fittings, rails; everything was blotted out in the dreadful smoothness of that absolute night.

A flash of lightning would have been a relief—I mean physically. I would have prayed for it if it hadn't been for my shrinking apprehension of the thunder. In the tension of silence I was suffering from it seemed to me that the first crash must turn me into dust.

And thunder was, most likely, what would happen next. Stiff all over and hardly breathing, I waited with a horribly strained expectation. Nothing happened. It was maddening, but a dull, growing ache in the lower part of my face made me aware that I had been grinding my teeth madly enough, for God knows how long.

It's extraordinary I should not have heard myself doing it; but I hadn't. By an effort which absorbed all my faculties I managed to keep my jaw still. It required much attention, and while thus engaged I became bothered by curious, irregular sounds of faint tapping on the deck. They could be heard single, in pairs, in groups. While I wondered at this mysterious devilry, I received a slight blow under the left eye and felt an enormous tear run down my cheek. Raindrops. Enormous. Forerunners of something. Tap. Tap. Tap. . . .

I turned about, and, addressing Smith, earnestly entreated him to "hang on to the wheel." But I could hardly

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speak from emotion. The fatal moment had come. I held my breath. The tapping had stopped as unexpectedly as it had begun, and there was a renewed moment of intolerable suspense; something like an additional turn of the racking screw. I don't suppose I would have ever screamed, but I remember my conviction that there was nothing else for it but to scream.

Suddenly—how am I to convey it? Well, suddenly the darkness turned into water. This is the only suitable figure. A heavy shower, a downpour, comes along, making a noise. You hear its approach on the sea, in the air too, I verily believe. But this was different. With no preliminary whisper or rustle, without a splash, and even without the ghost of impact, I became instantaneously soaked to the skin. Not a very difficult matter, since I was wearing only my sleeping suit. My hair got full of water in an instant, water streamed on my skin, it filled my nose, my ears, my eyes. In a fraction of a second I swallowed quite a lot of it.

As to Smith, he was fairly choked. He coughed pitifully, the broken cough of a sick man; and I saw him as one sees a fish in an aquarium by the light of an electric bulb, an elusive, phosphorescent shape. Only he did not glide away. But something else happened. Both binnacle lamps went out. I suppose the water forced itself into them, though I wouldn't have thought that possible, for they fitted into the cowl perfectly.

The last gleam of light in the universe had gone, pursued by a low exclamation of dismay from Smith. I groped for him and seized his arm. How startlingly wasted it was.

"Never mind," I said. "You don't want the light. All you need to do is to keep the wind, when it comes, at the back of your head. You understand?"

"Aye, aye, Sir. . . . But I should like to have a light," he added nervously.

All that time the ship lay as steady as a rock. The noise of the water pouring off the sails and spars, flowing over the break of the poop, had stopped short. The poop scuppers gurgled and sobbed for a little while longer, and then perfect silence, joined to perfect immobility, proclaimed the yet unbroken spell of our helplessness, poised on the edge of some violent issue, lurking in the dark.

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I started forward restlessly. I did not need my sight to pace the poop of my ill-starred first command with perfect assurance. Every square foot of her decks was impressed indelibly on my brain, to the very grain and knots of the planks. Yet, all of a sudden, I fell clean over something, landing full length on my hands and face.

It was something big and alive. Not a dog—more like a sheep, rather. But there were no animals in the ship. How could an animal. . . . It was an added and fantastic horror which I could not resist. The hair of my head stirred even as I picked myself up, awfully scared; not like a man is scared while his judgment, his reason still try to resist, but completely, boundlessly, and, as it were, innocently scared—like a little child.

I could see It—that Thing! The darkness, of which so much had just turned into water, had thinned considerable. There It was! But I did not hit upon the notion of Mr. Burns issuing out of the companion on all fours till he attempted to stand up, and even then the idea of a bear crossed my mind first.

He growled like one when I seized him round the body. He had buttoned himself up into an enormous winter overcoat of some woolly material, the weight of which was too much for his reduced state. I could hardly feel the incredibly thin lath of his body, lost within the thick stuff, but his growl had depth and substance: Confounded dumb ship with a craven, tip-toeing crowd. Why couldn't they stamp and go with a brace? Wasn't there one God-forsaken lubber in the lot fit to raise a yell on a rope?

"Skulking's no good, Sir," he attacked me directly. "You can't slink past the old murderous ruffian. It isn't the way. You must go for him boldly—as I did. Boldness is what you want. Show him that you don't care for any of his damned tricks. Kick up a jolly old row."

"Good God, Mr. Burns," I said angrily.. "What on earth are you up to? What do you mean by coming up on deck in this state?"

"Just that! Boldness. The only way to scare the old devil."

I pushed him, still growling, against the rail. "Hold on to it," I said roughly. I did not know what to do with him. I left him in a hurry to go to Smith, who had called faintly that he believed there was some wind aloft.

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Indeed, my own ears had caught a feeble flutter of wet canvas, high up overhead, the jingle of a slack chain sheet. . . .

These were eerie, disturbing, alarming sounds in the dead stillness of the air around me. All the instances I had heard of topmasts being whipped out of a ship while there was not wind enough on her deck to blow out a match rushed into my memory.

"I can't see the upper sails, Sir," declared Smith shakily.

"Don't move the helm. You'll be all right," I said confidently.

The poor man's nerves were gone. Mine were not in much better case. It was the moment of breaking strain and was relieved by the abrupt sensation of the ship moving forward as if of herself under my feet. I heard plainly the souging of the wind aloft, the low cracks of the upper spars taking the strain, long before I could feel the least draught on my face turned aft, anxious and sightless in that impenetrable night.

Suddenly a louder sounding note filled our ears, the darkness, started streaming against our bodies, chilling them exceedingly. Both of us, Smith and I, shivered violently in our clinging, soaked garments of thin cotton. I said to him:

"You are all right now, my man. All you've got to do is to keep the wind at the back of your head. Surely you are up to that. A child could steer this ship in smooth water."

He muttered: "Aye! A healthy child." And I felt ashamed of having been passed over by the fever which had been preying on every man's strength but mine, in order that my remorse might be the more bitter, the feeling of unworthiness more poignant, and the sense of responsibility heavier to bear.

The ship had gathered great way on her almost at once on the calm water. I felt her slipping through it as if it were oil with no other noise but a mysterious rustle alongside. Otherwise she had no motion at all, neither lift nor roll. It was a disheartening steadiness which had lasted for eighteen days now; for never, never had we had wind enough in that time to raise the slightest run of the sea. The breeze freshened suddenly. I thought it was high time to get Mr. Burns off the deck. He worried me. I

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looked upon him as a lunatic who would be very likely to start roaming all over the ship and break a limb or fall overboard.

I was truly glad to find he had remained holding on where I had left him, sensibly enough. He was, however, muttering to himself ominously.

This was discouraging. I remarked in a matter-of-fact tone :

"We have never had so much wind as this since we left the roads."

"There's some heart in it too," he growled judiciously. It was a remark of a perfectly sane seaman. But he added immediately : "It was about time I should come on deck. I've been nursing my strength for this—just for this. Do you see it, Sir?"

I said I did, and proceeded to hint that it would be advisable for him to go below now and take a rest.

His answer was a curt "Never."

Very cheerful ! He was a horrible nuisance. And all at once he started to argue. I could feel his crazy excitement in the dark.

"You don't know how to go about it, Sir. How could you? All this whispering and tip-toeing is no good. You can't hope to slink past a cunning, wide-awake, evil brute like he was. You never heard him talk. Enough to make your hair stand on end. No ! No ! He wasn't mad. He was no more mad than I am. He was just downright wicked. Wicked so as to frighten most people. I will tell you what he was. He was nothing less than a thief and a murderer at heart. And do you think he's any different now because he's dead? Not he ! His carcase lies a hundred fathom under, but he's just the same . . . in latitude 8° 20' North."

He snorted defiantly. I noted with weary resignation that the breeze had got lighter while he raved. He was at it again.

"I ought to have thrown the beggar out of the ship over the rail like a dog. It was only on account of the men. . . . Fancy having to read the Burial Service over a brute like that ! . . . 'Our departed brother' . . . I could have laughed. That was what he couldn't bear. I suppose I am the only man that ever stood up to laugh at

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him. When he got sick it used to scare him. . . . Brother to the devil."

The breeze had let go so suddenly that the way of the ship brought the wet sails heavily against the mast. The spell of deadly stillness had caught us up again. There seemed to be no escape.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mr. Burns in a startled voice. "Calm again!"

I addressed him as though he had been sane.

"This is the sort of thing we've been having for seventeen days, Mr. Burns," I said with intense bitterness. "A puff, then a calm, and in a moment, you'll see, she'll be swinging on her heel with her head away from her course to the devil somewhere."

He caught at the word "Devil" with a scream and burst into such a loud laugh as I had never heard before. It was a provoking, mocking peal with a hair-raising screeching over-note of defiance. I stood back utterly confounded.

Instantly there was a stir on the quarter-deck, exclamations of dismay. A distressed voice cried out in the dark below us: "Who's that gone crazy, now?"

Perhaps they thought it was their captain? Rush is not the word that could be applied to the utmost speed the poor fellows were up to; but in an amazing short time every man in the ship able to walk upright had found his way on to that poop.

I shouted to them: "It's the mate. Lay hold of him a couple of you. . . ."

I expected this performance to end in a fit. But Mr. Burns cut his derisive screeching dead short and turned upon them fiercely, yelling:

"Aha! Dog-gone ye! You've found your tongues—have ye? I thought you were dumb. Well, then—laugh! Laugh—I tell you. Now then—all together. One, two, three—laugh!"

A moment of silence ensued, of silence so profound that you could have heard a pin drop on the deck. Then Ransome's unperturbed voice uttered pleasantly the words:

"I think he has fainted, Sir——" The little motionless knot of men stirred, with low murmurs of relief. "I've got him under the arms. Catch hold of his legs, someone."

(To be continued.)

Mr. H. A. Barker and the Medical Faculty

The Turn of the Tide

By W. Llew Williams

TIME works many changes, but surely the most extraordinary is the change during the last few months in the attitude of the medical world towards Mr. H. A. Barker. It is highly significant. He appears at length to be on the eve of obtaining from if not the whole faculty, at least a large and influential minority, that public recognition of the worth of the manipulative methods he has employed and championed during the whole of his professional career. Their worth has been recognised for many years by an ever-increasing body of laymen. Despite the opposition of family doctors, backed by specialists, laymen have persisted in seeking his aid for themselves and for members of their families. In vain has the medical Press denounced him as a "charlatan." In vain did the faculty solemnly warn the public against methods which they declared to be dangerous. Sufferers, with what the faculty thought to be inconceivable stupidity, persisted in resorting to him, and finding the help they needed laughed at the doctors, and stubbornly maintained that "the proof of the pudding was in the eating."

This support of Mr. Barker by the general public was not without its effect upon the faculty. During the last few years individual members quietly sought his aid for themselves and for members of their families. They acquiesced when friends who were patients expressed a desire to consult him. They ventured even to accompany their friends and witnessed Mr. Barker's methods of treatment. There can be no doubt that Mr. Barker's success in them stimulated a practical interest in progressive medical

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circles. I have before me a little volume by two well-known surgeons on manipulative methods in which they only succeed in demonstrating that, *so far as Mr. Barker's methods are concerned*, they did not know the A B C of manipulative surgery. The medical journals with growing emphasis declared that "obviously all the methods used by the bone-setters are well known to every competent surgeon." To-day this is the official attitude of the faculty, despite the fact that within the last five or six years two of the most eminent surgeons in London have made statements that directly challenge the official claims.

Let me again recall the confession of the medical correspondent of *The Times* (February 24th, 1911). Referring to the works of Dr. Wharton Hood, who had studied manipulative surgery under the well-known bone-setter Hutton, he wrote: "If Dr. Wharton Hood had held an appointment in a London hospital, and had done his work before students, it would long ago have been universally known and imitated by surgeons. But the actual teachers were not sufficiently prompt to acknowledge and welcome the work of a man who was not a member of their own body, and the students had no opportunity of seeing its value." The students of that day are the practitioners of to-day, and have been in their turn the teachers of the rising generation of medical men. How could men who were never taught either practice or teach methods of which they knew nothing? Dr. Alexander Bryce had to go to the United States to study Osteopathy, and in his article on "Mechano-Therapy in Disease" (*British Medical Journal*, September 10th, 1910) mournfully confessed that Wharton Hood's books on Hutton's methods have "been almost forgotten and his precepts neglected." From whom, we ask, did the faculty acquire the knowledge of all the methods of the bone-setters? The conclusive proof that these methods are not known to the faculty in Great Britain was supplied by the Report of the Special Committee of the Balneological Section of the Royal Society of Medicine—a summary of which appeared in *The Times* of August 10th, 1916. As I showed in the article contributed to this REVIEW last October, it was frankly admitted that the "system of physical treatment" so successfully employed in Continental hospitals was "but little known in this

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country," whilst what are strictly termed manipulative methods find no mention in the list of methods which to a limited extent actually are employed.

No greater blow to the pretensions of the faculty has ever been dealt than is dealt by this Report. All that Mr. Barker has affirmed regarding the ignorance of the faculty is more than confirmed. *What is more remarkable still is the fact that not a solitary member of the faculty has ventured to come forward and claim that he is qualified to teach these methods!*

For some time past there have been unmistakable signs of uneasiness on the part of the faculty. One significant sign was discerned in the increasing frequency with which orthodox practitioners sent patients to Park Lane and openly accompanied them for the purpose of seeing the treatment. Equally significant is the greater boldness shown by those practitioners in bearing testimony to Mr. Barker's knowledge and skill in the methods which he has made his own. But even more significant and impressive is the changed attitude of medical journals. I am not going to resurrect old controversies or repeat the "things" said about bone-setters in general or Mr. Barker and his predecessors in particular. Read in cold blood and in the light of later knowledge of manipulative surgery, I imagine the writers of many articles during the last decade will not be anxious to recall them. But there is one which I cannot forbear digging out of its grave. I am sure the present editor of the *Medical Press and Circular* will forgive me. In one of its issues in November, 1901, there is a reference to a "certain Atkinson, a notorious bone-setter," who had "had the impudence to suggest his being allowed to demonstrate before a Committee of the medical profession. It is scarcely necessary to point out," says Mr. Atkinson's polite critic, "that such a challenge could be made with perfect safety, since no medical man of standing would consent to act in such a Committee—a fact of which the astute bone-setter was probably well aware, though he thought it worth while to avail himself of this opportunity of advertising himself."

Comment on this is altogether unnecessary. It indicates the tone which reputable medical papers permitted themselves to use in speaking of the bone-setters of an

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earlier day. To-day this very journal, under the editorship of one of the ablest and most progressive members of the faculty, leads the way in demanding fair play for Mr. Barker, and an honest investigation of the merits of the methods he uses! If I dwell at some length on this surprising change in the attitude of a medical journal, I shall offer no apology. It will go far to prove that the tide has turned, and turned in favour of the man who, beyond all controversy, is the leading exponent of manipulative surgery in the world to-day.

The editor of the *Medical Press and Circular* in November last bluntly declared that the time had come for a change towards the bone-setter and his methods. That expression of opinion led two practitioners to send letters to the editor in which they spoke boldly in favour of Mr. Barker's methods. Those letters appeared in the issue of November 29th. In the issue of December 20th a further editorial reference to manipulative surgery was made. I want to quote it:—

"The rising chorus of purely professional testimony in support of the claims made by Dr. Collie and Dr. Ross in favour of Mr. Barker's methods of treating certain types of injury is very striking, and, I may be permitted to add, very surprising. If there is, indeed, so much to be said in favour of these methods, it is astonishing that it has not been said before. In addition to the letters which have appeared in our correspondence columns—and several still await publication—I have had many personal communications on this subject, all of them quite approving of the attitude which the *Medical Press and Circular* has adopted, and none of them, curiously enough, upholding the unbending orthodox view."

With the letters to which reference is made I shall deal later. What I desire to do here is to point out that even the open-minded editor of this journal was not aware of the body of evidence in favour of Mr. Barker's methods until his own action released, as it were, the imprisoned and gagged witnesses. He is amazed. Whilst he does not avow any personal faith in Mr. Barker's methods, he performs what is, at the moment, an even more valuable service. He becomes the champion of fair play for the hitherto despised "bone-setter of Park Lane." Listen to this. The editor quotes from a letter received from "*one of the most distinguished London surgeons.*" "We must allow," says the editor's correspondent, "that Mr. Barker has made good his claim to the possession of knowledge and skill in a certain department, far above what is pos-

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essed by most surgeons; but herein lies our difficulty. Mr. Barker does not appear willing to offer facilities to us for the study of his methods, and until we can study them how can we appraise them?"

The editor proceeds to deal with his correspondent's point. "To this I can only reply that this is not how I understand the matter. I understand, on the contrary, that Mr. Barker is not only willing, but anxious to offer facilities to surgeons to study his methods. If I am correctly informed, he once made an offer to the British Medical Association to give a demonstration, which offer was, characteristically enough, rejected with scorn and derision. Whether or not, in view of the sympathetic interest now being taken in his methods, Mr. Barker is prepared to repeat his offer to some other body, I do not know." The editor's correspondent further objected that Mr. Barker did not demonstrate his methods openly. Whereupon the editor retorts: "Now that is all very well, but it must be remembered that Mr. Barker's patients are drawn from the class which does not readily consent to be operated upon in a public or semi-public manner. Moreover, Mr. Barker has at present no 'platform' from which to give his demonstrations. He asked for one and was refused. It would be unreasonable in such circumstances to expect him to explain his methods surreptitiously, as it were. The thing must be open and above-board—*coram populo*—or not at all. That is a perfectly straightforward and dignified attitude to adopt, and it is clearly the part of those surgeons who are real seekers after truth to make it possible for Mr. Barker to teach them what he knows. It seems perfectly clear that if Mr. Barker were to come by an untimely death, his knowledge, which appears to be of very real value to humanity, would die with him. That would be an undying disgrace to the profession."

But this is not the full extent of the movement in favour of fair play. A correspondent of the *Medical Press*, Dr. Frank Collie, in a letter which appeared in the issue of November 29th, affirmed that there had been on the whole question of manipulative surgery "a conspiracy of silence within the profession." Forthwith the editor declared that "so far as the *Medical Press and Circular* is concerned, this conspiracy, if it ever existed, is

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now at an end. Our columns are open to any medical man—or, indeed, to any reputable layman—for the discussion of the question in the full light of day, and no considerations of “professionalism” will deter us from giving fair play to anyone who has any light to throw on the subject. If it be the case that Mr. Barker is possessed of knowledge and skill which he is not only willing but anxious to impart to real seekers after truth in the ranks of orthodoxy, then it is grossly discreditable to the exponents of that orthodoxy that they should not seize every opportunity of acquainting themselves with such merits as his teaching and practice may possess. . . . Says Oliver Wendell Holmes: ‘The best part of our knowledge is that which teaches us where knowledge leaves off and ignorance begins.’ If Mr. Barker believes that he can contribute anything to this ‘best part,’ *let him be heard.*”

These are noble words. They are inspired by the truly scientific spirit. It is peculiarly fitting that they should be rescued from the comparative obscurity of a professional and technical journal and given the wider publicity they deserve. They do justice to Mr. Barker. I am certain they will go far to secure for him the prize he has long coveted—that is, the cordial and adequate recognition of the scientific value of those manipulative methods which by long and assiduous study and practice he has done so much to develop and perfect.

Fortunately, we can judge already of the effect they will create among the members of the medical faculty. For years the full tide of medical opinion flowed strongly against him. The medical journals held him up to scorn, derided his claims, labelled him “quack,” “charlatan,” “dangerous person”! Practitioners of every degree watched him closely, determined to utilise to the utmost any chance that presented itself of exposing him. But it never came. The trial in 1911 remains the solitary attempt by the medical faculty to achieve his ruin, and it lamentably failed. Never have his consulting-rooms been so crowded as since that disgraceful attempt to compass his downfall, to discredit him in the eyes of the public. His work was telling. Individual practitioners resorted to him in larger numbers—more openly and boldly. More frequently they sent patients to him whom they had failed to

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benefit. Confidence in his knowledge and skill became stronger year by year. All that was needed was an opportunity and a medium of proclaiming their faith in him. The editor of the *Medical Press and Circular* has provided both, with results which have astonished him. His own outspoken utterances have encouraged other practitioners to step out and bear testimony from their own knowledge to Mr. Barker's mastery of these methods.

I propose to let these gentlemen speak for themselves. *The witnesses in this case are the best advocates.*

Let me preface what they say by one or two necessary preliminary remarks. To Mr. Barker's work certain stereotyped objections are taken. For brevity I summarise them: first, that the results are temporary even when they are favourable. "Oh, Barker has put you right, has he? Wait and see. Soon enough you will be bad again." A curious objection to be made by men who have failed to obtain even temporary relief for sufferers! Secondly, only his successes are advertised—never his failures—which are always disasters! Thirdly, his successes are lucky hits—probably one out of several misses. Consider the danger you run in resorting to an *unqualified man*! Fourthly, Mr. Barker may do some things, but he does nothing the surgeon cannot do.

But I prefer to allow *medical men* to speak from their knowledge of the methods and the man. It will be seen that every one of these oft-repeated objections are, not designedly but not the less effectively, anticipated. I assume no one will suggest that these witnesses are not sincere.

The first medical witness, then, is Dr. Herbert Terry. Here is a letter which he sent the editor of the *Medical Press*. It appeared in the issue of December 20th, 1916:—

MANIPULATIVE SURGERY.

To the Editor of *The Medical Press and Circular*.

SIR,

A good deal has been written about the above subject. May I give the result of a little investigation I made for my own satisfaction, resulting in a change of opinion?

I must confess that I formerly entertained a prejudice against Mr. H. A. Barker, hastily classing him with the host of unqualified charlatans whose work I have come across, as no doubt have most other medical men. But five or six years ago a friend, but not my patient, suffered from a displaced semilunar cartilage. I have given him a lift when he was too lame to

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cycle to keep an appointment in a neighbouring parish. His knee-joint was distended with fluid. He had had many attacks over some years. One day I heard that he had been to Mr. Barker and that he was quite well, and I know he has remained so ever since.

Shortly afterwards, a patient of mine, a boy at a public school, was also lame from a displaced semilunar cartilage. He was treated at school, but made no progress. His father knew the vicar of whom I have spoken, and took the boy to see Mr. Barker. He told me that immediately after the manipulative operation under gas the boy was quite well and able to perform any movement in comfort. I know that he remains well four or five years after.

In December, 1914, a man came to me with a displaced semilunar cartilage and synovitis. Several weeks' rest only resulted in a slightly flexed knee, painful in walking. Forcible hyper-extension and flexion to break adhesions did no good. He then went to one of the foremost orthopædic surgeons, who told him that he had a displaced cartilage, and advised its removal.

The two previous cases had rather shaken my above-mentioned prejudice, and I asked if he would like to see Mr. Barker. He consented, and I accompanied him. I saw Mr. Barker perform his manipulative operation under an anæsthetic, during which certainly adhesions were broken down but also something more. The cartilage was effectively replaced by a methodical series of rapid movements. Some synovitis followed, but he was ready for work in about three weeks, and remains well to the present day. (He happens to be seeing me now for another complaint.)

On the other hand, I know of four cases at least in which removal of the cartilage performed by eminent surgeons has not led to a perfect result.

One man, operated upon while training in the Yeomanry, was discharged unfit for service on account of pain and weakness in the knee.

Another, an officer in a Lancer regiment, is unable to serve because hard riding causes synovitis.

Another could never play football as well after operation.

Another who came from China to have his cartilage removed was lame for three months afterwards, and was not well when he returned. The cases were not complicated by sepsis.

In a large number of cases the removal of the cartilage leads certainly to a great improvement in the patient's condition, but not to a perfect functional result. In the cases I have mentioned no fault could be found with the manner in which the operation was performed, on account of the standing of the surgeons who operated. If the technique is not perfect, of course all sorts of things may happen.

Mr. Barker's method seems to have the following advantages over the operation of opening the knee-joint and removal of the cartilage:—

- (a) The procedure takes only five to ten minutes.
- (b) There is no confinement to bed.
- (c) The period of recovery is shorter; it may be immediate;
- (d) And, most important, the functional result is better.

Judging from my own small personal experience, this method is a great advance on anything generally known or taught in the profession. Ought we not to have the matter properly investigated, so that the general public, and especially the many men who, at this time, are prevented from serving in the war, may have the advantage of this better method of treatment by the only means possible—the dissemination of the knowledge of its *technique* throughout the profession?

If one is faithful to the scientific spirit, one ought to acknowledge the truth when one sees it.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

HARTFORD HILL, NORTHWICH, CHESHIRE,
December, 1916.

HERBERT TERRY, M.B.

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On Dr. Terry's testimony I do not make a single comment.

The second witness is Dr. S. Rees-Philipps. His letter also appeared in the *Medical Press* of December 20th, 1916:—

To the Editor of *The Medical Press and Circular*.

SIR,

I was very pleased indeed to see that you have opened your columns to a discussion of this important subject. My own experience fully bears out that of Dr. Collie and Dr. Ross. One wonders how many thousands of medical men could reveal similar truths, but for that "conspiracy of silence" of which Dr. Collie writes.

Over two years ago I slipped and deranged the internal semilunar cartilage of my knee. For months I suffered the distressing sequelæ of this particular condition, despite the fact that all the remedies known were perseveringly employed. It was at this despairing stage—when I was undoubtedly in a fair way to becoming a cripple—that I was induced to see Mr. Barker. To my astonishment the result was a complete and permanent restoration of the injured joint, after a painless operation under nitrous oxide anæsthesia, followed by a few more visits to this gentleman's house.

As a piece of corroborative evidence, I may state that I was sent to Mr. Barker by a gentleman who for fifteen years had suffered from a similar trouble to my own, and who was ultimately cured in three or four days by Mr. Barker, although his case had previously resisted the efforts of leading surgeons for years. Both my disability and my friend's were of the kind for which the open operation is considered to hold out the only means of alleviation. Yet neither he nor myself has had the slightest trouble since Mr. Barker treated us.

It is useless to ignore the facts: they must be faced. Years ago surgeons ridiculed Hutton and said that all he knew was known to the competent surgeon. To-day some of our most enlightened surgeons have admitted that this particular branch of surgery which Mr. Barker practises has been neglected by our schools. To this corner of a domain of therapeutics Mr. Barker has devoted all his time and ability—hence his success. The *Times* has rightly reminded us that "if Mr. Barker did not pass through the schools he knows more about the class of cases he deals with than the schools can teach." The proof of this assertion of a leader-writer in the world's greatest newspaper is too overwhelming to refute. *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*

I am, Sir, yours truly,

S. REES-PHILIPPS, M.D.

EXMOUTH, December 8th, 1916.

Here we have a medical witness who has derived personal benefit from Mr. Barker's manipulative methods. Here every objection I have summarised above is fairly and squarely met by one whose knowledge guarantees that he speaks of that whereof he knows, and is sure. Every reader of this letter, especially if a member of the faculty, must confess that, brief though it is, it is conclusive on the question.

The next witness gives his testimony and drives home

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in the final sentence of his letter the only conclusion to which any fair-minded man, medical or lay, can come. Mr. Barker has got hold of some knowledge and skill the faculty have not got. That knowledge Mr. Barker is, and always has been, under proper conditions, willing to impart.

To the Editor of *The Medical Press and Circular*.

SIR,

Allow me to congratulate you on having opened your columns to the discussion of the merits of Mr. Barker's treatment of joint injuries.

I should like to add my testimony of its efficacy to that of others. Nearly four years ago Mr. F., K.C., and late M.P., injured his left knee. It gave him considerable pain, and he was quite lame in consequence. He consulted several eminent surgeons, who agreed in diagnosing displacement of a semilunar cartilage, and were all of opinion that only an operation would effect any improvement. To this he was unwilling to submit.

After four months of suffering, inconvenience, and ineffectual treatment, he consulted Mr. Barker, who made an appointment to treat him the next day. Mr. F. limped up the steps to Mr. Barker's consulting-room, and in less than an hour ran down the stairs and walked briskly home.

Since that day he has suffered no inconvenience from his knee, and has been able to go for long walks, grouse-shooting, and much active exertion in attending to an extensive farm in the West of Ireland.

Surely it is time for the medical profession to realise that Mr. Barker has something to teach which cannot now be learned in the medical schools of this country.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

G. SCRIVEN, M.D., B.Ch.

33, ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN,
December 4th, 1916.

The next witness, Dr. Frank Collie, is a particularly valuable witness, not because he strenuously advocates Mr. Barker's claims, and supports them by a testimony which is irresistible, but because he stands for all that is best and most truly scientific in the faculty. He has seen with his own trained eyes Mr. Barker actually operating, and does not scruple to say that his claims are incontestable, and that the steady refusal to recognise them is undermining faith in the faculty in the minds of the great bulk of laymen.

To the Editor of *The Medical Press and Circular*.

SIR,

I was much interested in the view expressed by "*Sinapis*," in *The Medical Press and Circular* of November 8th, on the subject of physical methods in the practice of surgery. Can it really be true that at last a responsible medical paper is open-minded and courageous enough to give consideration to so-called "osteopathy"? If so, then indeed progress is being made—progress which has been long delayed by a conspiracy of silence within the profession. I trust that, if your columns are to be opened

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to the subject of manipulative surgery and those who practise it, there will be no cheap sneers at the best of those men who have been responsible for making a reputation for it and thereby forcing an unwilling profession to admit its efficacy in the hands of those proficient in the art, laymen though they be.

Recent experience in one particular branch of this subject and of one exponent of the art of joint manipulation so impressed me that I would be glad if you would allow me to record it. It concerns two cases only, and they were both dealt with by Mr. H. A. Barker, of Park Lane.

No. 1. Mr. A. injured his knee at golf and was unable to walk for six weeks, although I had used every means of treatment usually employed, including manipulation. I suggested a consultation, but my patient, the head of a large insurance and accident society, declined. He wished to consult Mr. Barker, whose work he was familiar with in connection with insurance claims, and whose successes had been apparent to him. I consented. Mr. Barker subjected his knee to manipulation under gas, and in a few minutes my patient walked out of the house perfectly well. The slight weakness which remained disappeared in a few days, and he has not had the slightest trouble since.

No. 2. Mr. H., an officer, dislocated the internal semilunar cartilage of his right knee lifting a heavy weight. I saw him then, but as he was on his way to headquarters I did not attend to him. Three Army surgeons treated this patient for two months without success, and finally he came to London and consulted a distinguished surgeon—one of the most eminent specialists in joint affections in Europe. After treating him some time without any good result, this gentleman told him the only possible hope of cure was removal of the cartilage. On my advice he then visited Mr. Barker, and I went with him. Once more the same decisive and rapid cure was the result. I have to-day had a letter from France from my patient, who says his work as an engineer needs every joint he possesses to be in perfect working order, and that, thanks to Mr. Barker, he feels no disability even after the most strenuous exertion.

In view of these cases, which are, I believe, typical of hundreds, I feel convinced that the refusal to accept Mr. Barker's services during the war is not only unfair to the men who are injured, but is calculated to do much harm to our own profession. General practitioners know the opinion of the public better than consultants, and as one of the former I say emphatically that the refusal to give Mr. Barker a fair trial has made the public question the single-mindedness of a profession hitherto beyond reproach. I am sure that any just-minded man who takes the trouble to see Mr. Barker at work will realise that, if he claims to be nothing more than a bone-setter, he is a positive genius in his art. As a genius he deserves special consideration.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
FRANK COLLIE, M.D.

14, Balham Park Road, S.W.
November 16th, 1916.

A peculiar interest attaches to the letter of Dr. W. Ross, of Northampton. It appeared in the *Medical Press and Circular* of November 29th, 1916, and is, as every impartial reader will allow, a plain, unvarnished statement of a fact about which the writer was absolutely certain. A brother-practitioner took him to task because of what he termed "the slipshod accounts" of the cases described. There was, this critic held, "no attempt at a diagnosis, no account

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of the accident, and not even a description of the state of the joint." I submit both letters for the judgment of readers. If the first sins on the side of simplicity no objection can be taken by his critic on that score to the reply which appeared in the issue of January 3rd, 1917:

LETTER NO. 1.

To the Editor of *The Medical Press and Circular*.

SIR,

I note with pleasure that you have drawn attention to the subject of bone-setting or manipulative surgery. From personal experience I can vouch for the success of this system of therapeutics after every known orthodox treatment had failed.

Some years ago, on the recommendation of a brother practitioner, I took my wife to Mr. H. A. Barker, as she had been suffering for some time from a knee cartilage displacement which had persistently resisted the usual treatment. A few minutes under an anæsthetic in Mr. Barker's hands one day, and a second visit later on, resulted in a complete restoration of the joint.

Some time after this I sent a man to Mr. Barker with an obscure affection of the shoulder which had been treated by manipulation, massage, injections, and every recognised method of treatment, for months without result. After one visit to Mr. Barker the patient was able to use the arm—a thing he had not been able to do for months—and a second visit, after an interval, completed the cure. Comment would be superfluous.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
W. Ross.

ST. GILES STREET, NORTHAMPTON,
November 12th, 1916.

LETTER NO. 2 IN REPLY TO CRITIC.

To the Editor of *The Medical Press and Circular*.

SIR,

If Dr. Barling wants a more detailed description of the cases I reported to the *Medical Press and Circular* here they are, but neither elaboration of diagnosis nor explanations of the causes and after-effects of the accident will alter the fact that long treatment of the usual kind utterly failed to cure them, and that short treatment at the hands of Mr. H. A. Barker completely succeeded.

No. 1: My wife, when climbing in Switzerland, slipped and displaced the internal cartilage of her right knee. All the characteristic symptoms supervened—inability to fully extend the limb, synovial effusion, tenderness, and some apparent irregularity over the inner and upper border of the tibia. Rest and antiphlogistic applications were resorted to, and later, massage and manipulation. When this had gone on for some time without beneficial result, I was advised that the only course to adopt was to have the cartilage excised. This I refused to allow.

A little while after I took my wife to Mr. Barker, who, when she had been anæsthetised, put her knee through a series of quick and decisive movements. The patient at once experienced the greatest relief and made an immediate recovery. No pain and no effusion followed the treatment, the cartilage has never come out since, and it is now over three years since Mr. Barker saw the case.

No. 2: A young soldier injured his shoulder early in 1915. He rapidly lost the use of the limb, fibrous adhesions formed, and, after some treat-

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ment abroad, he was sent home. For nine months he was in hospital, where he was blistered, cauterised, and injected, subjected to manipulative treatment, massage, and static electricity, without avail. The sensitiveness below the acromion process—which had been an early and an uninterrupted feature of the disability—still persisted, with pain as acute as ever on attempting either abduction or rotation of the arm. Diagnosis of periarthritis and rheumatism were made, but the patient still refused to yield to treatment, and was finally invalided out of the Army. After this I took him to Mr. Barker. Nitrous oxide was administered, and various firm manipulative measures were resorted to. Immediately the operation was over the patient was able to raise his arm from the side and put it behind his head and back without pain—a thing he had not been able to do for several months. After an interval he paid a second visit to Mr. Barker, and the cure was complete. No immobilisation was allowed after either manipulation.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
W. Ross.

NORTHAMPTON, December 19th, 1916.

The next witness is possibly the most interesting of all whom I call. He is not a convert: he is but an anxious inquirer. He is obviously puzzled by two things within his knowledge: (1) that despite his high qualification as F.R.C.S. he was unable to assist one suffering from a common enough complaint—"flat foot"—whilst the unqualified man, Mr. Barker, made an absolute cure of the case. All that F.R.C.S. wants to know is how he can get at the truth. This letter from a surgeon of the highest eminence cannot be set aside as of no value or weight in the discussion. It is a plain challenge to the Royal College of Surgeons by one of their own fraternity to abandon their old attitude towards the man and his methods. Verily the tide has turned! This letter appeared in the *Medical Press* of January 3rd, 1917:—

To the Editor of *The Medical Press and Circular*.

SIR,

Captain H. consulted me a few weeks ago for progressive flat foot, which was seriously interfering with the performance of his duties; in fact, the question had arisen as to whether he would be able to continue his service.

I bethought me of the various forms of treatment recommended for the condition:—

- (1) Tiptoe exercises.
- (2) Supports for the feet.
- (3) Wrenching the foot and the application of a plaster case.

Tiptoe exercises in Somme mud seemed somewhat impracticable; while supports to be worn in the boots are, I understand, most unsatisfactory, especially for those on active service. Wrenching and plaster, while offering a better chance of success, necessitated considerable delay, and my patient was anxious to get back to work as soon as possible.

In this quandary, I cast professional prejudice aside, and advised him to consult Mr. Barker, who had, I knew, cured many similar cases, as

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I was anxious that my patient should be cured and resume his duties, for his services were, I understood, of great value to the country.

Mr. Barker saw him, and, under gas, manipulated his foot, and my patient writes as follows:—

"Mr. Barker has effected an absolute cure. My feet were very swollen and discoloured the day after his manipulations. Two or three days after that I was pursuing the elusive woodcock over the roughest ground in Devon. My right foot is quite half an inch shorter; the instep has risen and the arch is restored, and elasticity has returned."

How this cure has been effected exactly I don't know, but it affords abundant proof to me that Mr. Barker possesses some special skill.

Possibly orthopædic surgeons may know of other measures for the relief of this condition of which I am ignorant, but in any case the result is astonishing, as there was such a rapid and complete recovery. If I had not personally seen the condition of flat foot I should have found it hard to believe that a cure could be effected so successfully.

I shall be pleased to give any further details that your correspondents may wish for; but, in conclusion, I urge most strongly that this matter be not allowed to rest, but that an investigation of these methods of manipulative surgery should be undertaken in accordance with Mr. Barker's suggestions.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
F.R.C.S.

LONDON, W., December, 1916.

Little remains for the advocate to say.

But three points must be emphasised: (1) The appearance of these letters in a *leading medical journal* demonstrates not only the fact that "the tide has turned," but that it is now swiftly flowing in Mr. Barker's favour. Here are gentlemen—members of one of the most exclusive and conservative professions existing in human society—deliberately, and reckless of consequences, taking sides and openly championing the cause of an "outsider" and a revolutionary!

(2) The whole body of witnesses are at one in their demand for fair play for Mr. Barker—that is, they insist that the time has now come for denunciation and denial to cease, and that in their place there should be honest and fair investigation; in other words, that judgment should *follow inquiry*, and not, as in the past, precede it. From every point of view it is imperative that no further loss of time should be allowed. Either the Medical Council or some influential body within it should take prompt action for the full investigation of these methods. Only thus can their value be ascertained. Only thus can they become the sure possession of suffering humanity.

(3) It will be noticed that of the "cases" quoted by the witnesses, five are those of men serving with H.M.'s

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Forces. I invite special attention to these cases because they do cast light upon a question now before the country and the House of Commons. Dr. Terry quotes two cases of military patients who were treated by orthodox methods, both of whom are permanently incapacitated from service. Three other cases, instanced by Dr. Collie, Dr. Ross, and "F.R.C.S.," treated by Mr. Barker, *are speedy and permanent cures*. Dr. Terry, naturally enough, is solicitous that our crippled warriors should be able to secure the advantage of what he calls "this better method of treatment." Why should they not? As I showed in my article of last October in this REVIEW, the only obstacles are those placed in the way by the Military Medical Board.

It appears to be the last refuge of the old conservatism which opposed change because it was change, blind to the merits of the question. At length the country has a weapon in its hands to attack obscurantism in its citadel. *The House of the Medical Faculty is divided against itself*. Whilst it was—at least, to outsiders, at one in viewing Mr. Barker and his methods as dubious, it was possible for representative medical bodies to oppose his recognition—yes, even to oppose him in every way. I submit that in view of the vast changes in medical opinion which have taken place in recent months—changes which are more widespread each day, this attitude of the medical authorities is neither reasonable nor justifiable. Let them now give some sufficient reason for their refusal, or, if that is not forthcoming, let them do what they ought to have done years ago: investigate these new methods and, once and for all, decide upon the merits of a system of manipulative surgery which in one man's hands—to quote from a leading article in *The Times*—"relieves human suffering for which no relief could be found elsewhere." Not the Bone-setter of Park Lane, but the Medical Faculty and Military Medical Board to-day are on their trial. Meanwhile, the tide of medical opinion every succeeding day flows more strongly in Mr. Barker's favour.

The Day of Judgment

A Welsh Study

By Caradoc Evans

THE Respected Bern-Davydd proclaimed against John Tyhen in Sion: "Boys, boys, there's an awful black for you. Half an old cat he pegged on my door the last night. Sober serious. Mishtress Bern-Davydd saw the filth. 'Keep him silent for a time bach,' she said, 'while I retch from my belly.' Words to the Big Man will I now sound."

This is Bern-Davydd's report: "A fulbert is John Tyhen, for sure me. Tempted was his father Essec by an old servant wench, and the iobess spat John. Easier for you to thread a camel with large horns and three humps through the eye of a stocking needle than for a bastard slip to pass into the Palace of White Shirts. Why isn't John like his half-brother Amos Penparc? Man very religious and wise is Amos, and much money he possesses. Go I did and say to Amos: 'Grass the pony that belongs to the photograph of the Big Man must have.' 'Take him the meadow that is in the hiring of John Tyhen,' answered Amos. And John was angry that Amos gave to the Large One. He slayed his cat, and one half of him he nailed on the door of the Shepherd's Abode and half on the door of Penparc. Mishtress Bern-Davydd is not flopped on her pew on this Sabbath of Bread and Wine, little people. Why for not? At the finish of her retch she lamented: 'Bern-Davydd, the Bad Man is closer than the Big Man. Not eat of the Flesh or drink of the Blood will I until the Bad One is beaten into stones as small as gravel.' What a speech, boys bach! This day the Judge said to me: 'Bern bach, have John Tyhen afflicted by the Seiet on the third night. I will set stiffness in his heart, and your messengers shall lay hands on the red frog. This would I do myself, but how can my white fingers play the Harp fach after touching the stinkard?'"

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Bern-Davydd descended into the Big Seat and uncovered the bread and wine; the congregation ate and drank, and then he prayed:

"Well, Big King bach, glad are boys Sion that you have commanded them to bring John to the Seiet. Much will be the muster. If the bullock is obstinate send rats into his house, and vermin into the inside of his cattle, and rot his crops. Leave you the meadow. Good is the grass and very benefitful for the pony of your religious son. Amen, little White Jesus. Amen."

The people said: "Amen."

When all the congregation had heard of that which John had done against Bern-Davydd, the valiant men arose to do him hurt, and these are the chief men who gathered between the evening lights at the gate of the Garden of Eden: Davydd Bern-Davydd, Ben the Keeper of the House of the Capel, Lloyd Schoolin' who is the beginner of the singing in Sion, Abel Shones Poor Relief who is the most spiritual of all the praying men on the floor of Sion, Old Ianto of the Road who is the grave-digger, and Amos Penparc, whose riches in land and money are above those of any in the land. There were also many old women and young, and old men and young.

Now of they who presumed to fall upon Tyhen: Bern-Davydd and Abel Shones went into Sion to pray; Amos Penparc rested on the roadside because his clogs were new and hurtful, and he would have help from no one; moreover, when the procession neared Tyhen, some faltered, for they had understanding of the spirit of John.

Lloyd Schoolin' was the first to enter Tyhen. John was repairing the nose of his plough, and Martha his wife was suckling her infant and stirring the pigs' food which was heating in a cauldron over the peat and wood fire.

"Indeed, now, dear me," said Lloyd, "come you two at once to the Seiet."

"Well—well," John answered. "Come would I, but the plough bach I must use to-morrow."

"We don't use ploughs in the Palace, John," said Lloyd. "Why babble you like a blockhead?"

"Say you like that," replied John.

"Irreligious you are, man. Indeed to goodness, shift, and put on your trousers cloth."

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John raised his face and these words came through his broken lips: "The cows are not milked and the pigs are hungry. Look after affairs must I. Large was the cost of the coffins of my two children who perished."

"Male Tyhen," cried Lloyd, "the Big Man calls you to account. A goat was you to sin against the Respected."

"Why then did he steal my meadow?"

"By the mouth of Bern-Davydd, the Man of Terror orders you to Sion," said Lloyd.

"Fair night, boys bach," John answered.

Martha counselled her husband: "Obey, John bach. Warn you did I against gathering in the hay on the Sabbath. Go, now, and take a nice hen fach to the Respected."

"Shut down your neck," John admonished his wife.

A woman of Sion pressed her yellow face close to the suckling infant, and as she spoke the loosened black tooth in her mouth trembled. "Is this your child, John bach Tyhen?" she cried. "Many have been with your hussy. Ach y fi, Shim Tinker is the father of the brat."

"Don't say," Martha pleaded. "No strange man has known me."

The men and women of Sion rounded John and Madlen; and the man they seized and took into the close, and having fastened him with a rope to his cart, they brought forth the woman and her infant.

Lloyd Schoolin' cried with a loud voice: "This is Gomorrah. Children of wickedness must be cleansed."

"Iss—iss," the woman of Sion voiced.

"As dirty with smell they are as a hen loft," said Lloyd. "Wash the dung from their flesh."

The pond of Tyhen is at the foot of the close, and into it the rains bring much of the residue from the cow-house and the stable and the pigstye; and the water is still water.

John saw that he was put to worse before Sion.

"Persons, don't now," he cried. "Come with you will I. Drop dead and blind, come will I."

The men unbound him and they drove him to the brim of the pond, and as he faltered one urged him with a hay fork. John walked through the pond; he was a high man and the water came to his knees. Martha's stature

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was little and the water lifted her garments as far as her thighs; Lloyd Schoolin' peered closely, and then opened his mouth, speaking in this sort: "Boys bach, look you. She is not husband-high to John. Wet she will be for Shim Tinker."

Thereafter John and Martha were taken to Capel Sion, and they were made to stand under the pulpit, which is in the eye of the congregation.

Amos Penparc rose in the Big Seat, and turned his face to the people, saying: "Little sons and daughters of the Big Man bach, true that John has made himself my enemy, but very forgiving am I to those who curse me. See you, here is the piece of turk-cat he nailed on my door. Still, I forgive the bull-calf. Am I not saintly and full of religion? The loutish rabbit sinned against the Big Man's son. There's merciful is the Respected that he didn't say to God: 'John Tyhen is at my door. Kill him with an axe!' Remember you the old infidel who died in the Shire Pembroke? The Bad Man left the mark of his clog on his body. Deal you not too harshly with the bastard slip. Nor think the lighter of me for his sin. Have not the sayings of his iniquity made my ears tingle?"

Amos placed the carcase which was nailed in his door beside that which was nailed in the door of the Shepherd's Abode. "There is your cat, Son of Satan," he said. "Say you why you did this vile thing."

It was so that John's courage weakened, and he lied and charged Martha with the fault, and he also called her to bear witness of his guiltlessness; and Martha, who calmed her infant's cries with her breast, said: "Serious, my male knows nothing of the turk-cat. Go we will now. The cows are not milked, and a feeling of foreboding curdles my milk."

"Wicked spider," cried Lloyd Schoolin'. "The Fiery Pool is curdling your milk. Respected, whip them with prickly speeches."

"The night of yesterday," said Bern-Davydd, "the Big Man came to me in a White Shirt. 'Bern-Davydd! Bern bach!' He called. 'Big Man,' I answered, 'your photograph listens.' Thus the Large One: 'I will perform against John Tyhen all and more than I have spoken to

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you concerning him. Of him and Martha and their children and their cattle I will make an end. I will devour the robin's sovereigns and silver. Burning is my anger. Tell you the toad to make sacrifices unto Sion."

"Glad would I be to give," said John. "A large little cabbage I will bring him."

"Clap your mouth, fool," cried Bern-Davydd. "Why for you make messes when there was no mess to be?"

"Pilfer my meadow you did," John answered, and he did not try to discourage the fury that was rising within him, for his heart was mean and he was covetous of all things.

"John bach," said Martha, "obey you the voice."

"Why for must I toil for Bern-Davydd?" John replied.

"Do I starve for him? My two children perished and fat was the pig I gave for their coffins. Ask you Lias Carpenter. Lias, speak, man."

Bern-Davydd closed his hearing with the tips of his fingers. "Chase them out," he commanded, "like Big Jesus did the swine, or hap the roof will fall on my religious head."

John and Martha were driven from Capel Sion. The valiant men and women followed them and stoned them to the door of Tyhen. That night, before the wicks were turned down in the lamps of the Temple, the children of Sion gloried that the Capel was purged of sin; that they had done all that the Big Man had commanded them to do by the tongue of His son Bern-Davydd. . . .

Martha milked her cows and separated the cream from the milk and fed her pigs, and when her labour and the labour of John were ended, they two looked upon their infant, and behold it was dead; and the Bad Man had branded its forehead with the mark of a stone. John, humbled to rage, lifted his face and raised his voice: "Cruel you are to me, God bach. Wasting much am I in burying the perished. Turn you your think, dear me, and put back the life into the wench fach. Be with your son in Sion. Amen."

He waited for the performance of the miracle until the body stiffened. In the break of the day he sacrificed a lamb unto Sion.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Do it Now

By Frederic Harrison

ALL true Britons are bent on ending the menace of Prussian "militarism" abroad. But there is a menace at home that has to be ended too—the sham relic of "Parliamentarism"—the effete, untrustworthy, garrulous mob—the present House of Commons, with its stale "party" cries and its arrogant pretensions to executive authority in time of war. This present House of Commons has no absolute constitutional title—it voted itself in permanence at full salary: it was elected under totally different conditions, with very different objects, hopes, and trusts in the nation; it still nurses the obsolete partisan aims and ideas of its origin. In spite of the generous promises of its late illustrious Chief, the majority he led so long and so brilliantly cannot be trusted to make good his pledge. They are still brooding over old personalities and rubbing up their machine-guns hidden away in their dug-outs. At party meetings they again rouse cheers for the old cries and the old Chief. In a few weeks they will be stabbing the new Chief in the back.

Our forces in Macedonia can as little trust Constantine and his "Reservists" as the actual Ministry can trust the Twenty-three and its Home-Ruler and Free-Trader stalwarts. Constantine himself has made fair promises. So has Mr. Redmond; but some eighty Nationalists are as hostile to the new War Cabinet as ever were Greek Reservists to the Entente forces. The mass of Irish peasants outside Ulster, now more than ever excited and gulled by priests and village agitators, are panting not so much to get any real good for Ireland as to bring about some harm to Britain. Their hope, their passion, is revenge. The

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Redmonds and some responsible men of their party may honestly desire to see France and Britain victorious. But John Redmond can no more answer for his old followers in Parliament or in Ireland than Mr. Asquith can now answer for his followers in the Commons and in the caucus. The efficient voice of Irishmen in the House and in three Irish Provinces is that of Mr. Dillon—the apologist, if not the panegyrist, of the foul riot in Dublin. The inmost Irish voice is one of bitter enmity to Britain, desire to see our enemies triumph. Yet nominees of these enemies in 1917 hold the balance in that worn-out, battered Tank—the House elected in 1910—when all was Peace, Retrenchment, and Brotherhood—even with foreign rivals and native rebels. It is monstrous that the very existence of the so-called United Kingdom, of this vast Empire—even of civilisation, freedom, and peace—should be at the mercy of a knot of hostile politicians, elected by voters fewer altogether than the constituency of one of our largest cities. Why is it? Only because, as a conservative people, we cling to the decaying superstition that a House of Commons, once elected under the traditional forms, is the paramount source for this mighty Empire of all Power, Right, Justice, and Wisdom.

This House of Commons must go! *Delenda est Carthago*—not only Hohenzollern militarism, but the ghost of a Parliament—chosen under dominant cries of Free Trade, Home Rule All Round, Lower Taxation, Peace, Socialism, and Women's Rights, No "Bloated Armaments," No Blockade in War, No Blood-tax! And a House of Commons—by law dead two years ago—elected in 1910 by a people in a state of anæsthetic stupor—some of the very twenty-three Ministers being the actual anæsthetists—pretends still to be supreme arbiter in teaching our race how to carry on the greatest war that ever deluged this earth since the first murderer Cain, in mad jealousy, slew his mild, unsuspecting, harmless brother Abel.

This House of Commons has to go! Not only are the old parties in it still in being, nearly equal in numbers, with a large, hostile, independent party holding the balance, but there is a crowd of mere nominees of the local caucus, taken on extinct party shibboleths, knots of cranks, pacifists, faddists, bores, and chatterboxes, as absurd as any that ever

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got to Westminster to raise a laugh and waste time. No one can say what such a House, elected seven years ago, in our joytime of peace, plenty, and progress, might not do. No doubt in the last session the outgoing Ministers spoke fair, and on the formation of the incoming Ministry all seemed to go well. In the famous night of August 4th, at the opening of the French Revolution, there was an outburst of generosity, self-denial, and ardent sympathies. But it did not last long. Real union, co-operation, friendliness will not last long in this House of Commons. We, too, are in a real revolution to-day. And we cannot trust the specious words of the *ancien régime*, of the old privileged classes, of the inveterate party managers.

The House must be changed—and that at once. We have had our August 4th, and are still hot with all the great things we intend to do, with the indispensable reforms we mean to carry out. It would be idle to expect this present House of Commons to carry the least of them. It would be fatal to let it so much as debate them. The session would drag on with evasions and rejoinders, just as King Constantine's creatures keep the Entente at bay. Even if the new War Cabinet has a majority in the Commons, heartily resolved to support them against all opposition (and this is not certain) the hostile, doubtful, independent groups in the House are quite strong enough and vicious enough to embarrass, delay, paralyse a Government having on hand new and tremendous tasks. At the first show of hostile activity there must be a dissolution—indeed, why wait for hostility which is already preparing? It would be like our waiting to see if King Constantine is really an enemy after all.

Since there must be a dissolution, and that immediate, it can only be held on the existing register, under the old forms, as the law of Parliament now stands. Whatever the evils—and they are almost intolerable—of an election on the stale register, with its inevitable disfranchisement and its obsolete machinery, to attempt any reform would be a worse evil. To start a new Electoral Reform Bill in the present House would be madness. All the cranks would open in full cry. Service votes without age, sex, or residence, votes for women, one man (or woman) one vote, equal electoral areas, proportional votes, and all the

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other electoral reforms and electoral fads would be storming the House day and night. Some of these are needed, inevitable reforms; some are mere nuisance. But once open the door to any single change in the electoral law and it would be impossible to stop at least debate on others. Then endless talk, delay, intrigue, and canvassing would follow. Even the almost unanswerable claim of soldiers serving abroad and away from their homes cannot be allowed. If even this obvious change were admitted a flood of new claims would arise. In such a war as this it would be suicidal to commit the country to a huge agitation, or series of agitations. The dilemma is this. We must get a new House of Commons—to get one elected by a new basis would be an evil even worse than the old House. Unless, under the powers of the Defence of the Realm Act, practical means could be found to force on an immediate General Election on one single day to be named, the election, for better or for worse, must be held on the existing register under the existing law. It is hopeless to wait for a new register or reform of the law. Even with all the evils an immediate election would give us a better—certainly a less impossible—House, at any rate hundreds of our present masters will never be seen at Westminster again! The nation as a whole is heartily in support of the new War Cabinet. In face of all the difficulties ahead the enthusiasm may not last long.

There are abundant reforms needed in our governing system; and some of the most urgent have been stated in the programmes of the new Ministry. It is useless to discuss any of those which require legislation to authorise them until we have a House to be trusted. Some reforms can be effected without legislation. And, although the present House has not enough hearty zeal for reform to carry them out in act, we may at any rate state them shortly for further consideration. For many years past I have been calling out in published essays and books for a reform of the glaring defects and evils of our Parliamentary system. In 1875, in my "Order and Progress: Thoughts on Government," I showed how preposterous is the confusion between the executive, legislative, and financial authority of the House of Commons, and the mischievous preponderance of rhetorical gifts. In two articles in the *Nineteenth Cen-*

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tury (Vols. X. and XI., September, 1881; January, 1882) I proposed various reforms of Parliamentary procedure, especially in adopting the Closure, resorting to Select Committees, suppressing idle Questions, late and all-night sittings, the absurd seasons of Sessions and Recess, and the mediæval nonsense of protracted elections. Some of the most glaring evils have been remedied since 1881: not a few remain.

In 1906, at the opening of a new reform era, I returned to the same problem in an essay in the *Nineteenth Century*, now reissued in my "Realities and Ideals," 1908 (Chap. XXIV., pp. 254-273). By that time Closure was in regular use and had got free of the French term *Clôture*—with which opponents used to saddle it. The ludicrous game of *Questions* was found too amusing to drop; and every crank is still free to worry Ministers with stale fads, and every rebel can air his calumnies and his treason. My principal point, and I urge it anew at a second era of reform, is to substitute small carefully selected Committees for the preposterous Committees of the whole House, which discuss and wrangle over the clauses of every Bill. I proposed the election, by proportional voting, of twelve or fourteen Standing Committees, each of eleven or thirteen members, chosen so as to represent in fair proportion every group in the 670 M.P.'s. These Committees, answering to separate Ministerial Departments, would have referred to them, to report to the House, every Bill passed by the House. They would have power to examine any Minister, to hear any Member or Government official, to take evidence, to sit even if the House were not sitting, and by a proper vote to sit with closed doors. Such expert Committees, altogether about one-quarter of the whole House, could really review the clauses of Bills—which is now almost a farce in Committees of the whole House—a noisy, indifferent, moving crowd, too often bent solely on wasting time and making things hot for the party or the Minister they desire to damage.

When the Committee had discussed and voted on the Bill it would be presented to the House for approval in a written report, previously circulated and drawn by the Chairman of the Committee, who would naturally be the Minister of that Department. The House, in fact, could

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either pass the Bill or refer it back on the summary of the argument in the printed report. If the clauses of Bills now dealt with by the whole House were simultaneously considered by twelve or fourteen Select Committees, it is obvious that an immense saving of time would result. The House need not sit (unless by special urgency) for more than four hours of continuous work; rising normally at 7 p.m. If such moderate attendance were the rule there would be no excuse for the scandalous week-ends, distant travelling, and systematic absence from duty of the average M.P. Another imperative reform is a time-limit on speeches, unless by special concession of the House at the moment. A reasonable time-limit would vastly improve the quality of debate, the force of each orator, and, above all, the business habits of the House.

The old answer to all these reforms is the conventional retort that it is "impracticable." It is perfectly practicable and most practical. It is the rule in other Parliaments abroad and in Councils in this country, and has worked well for a generation. I served as Alderman in the London County Council, 1889-1893, Lord Rosebery being the first Chairman, in whose office were drawn and passed the admirable Scheme of Procedure, which might be a model to our House of Commons. The essence of the system is: Short regular sittings of four hours; time-limit to all speeches, modifiable by a Council vote; Select Expert Committees to which all proposals were referred and from which all new schemes originated; printed reports from each Committee presented to the Council before each sitting; attendance of members recorded by their signatures. The whole system works perfectly well. Similar arrangements exist in every House of Representatives abroad, in countless County, City, and Borough Councils, in every great industrial undertaking. Our historic House of Commons is the one exception. Why? Because it hugs its mediæval origin—its Tudor, Stuart, Hanoverian traditions, being the senile great-great-grandmother of Parliaments—not "too proud to fight" a colossal war, but too proud to listen to anything like reform of itself.

As things now are, with an Electoral Reform Committee sitting, it is needless now to go into details on such essential points as these: the outrageous over-representa-

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tion of Ireland; the gross inequalities in the size of constituencies; the plural votes of the rich who vote in several divisions on different days; the ludicrous protraction of elections over weeks; votes for women; the abuse of private vehicles by the rich; the scandal of beer-houses; the anomalies of the residential title to vote. These and many other inevitable reforms have to be made. But it is a fatal policy to allow the present House of Commons even to discuss them. *Delenda est!*

Until a really united and trustworthy Parliament can be got, what is immediately wanted is an overwhelming popular pronouncement in support of the new Cabinet. Some of us would like to see, in such a tremendous crisis as that of the World-War, a vast *Referendum* to the entire nation. Of course, no *Referendum* to confer any legal authority is possible without legislation—and with the present House even to discuss such a Bill would be idle and mischievous. It might be possible, under some of the powers of our recent War Acts, to hold a kind of *Referendum* simply to express *opinion*, without legal or constitutional effect, to show the world what is the will of the country at this hour. Would it not strengthen the Government immensely and immediately if it could take a popular vote—say, Yes! or No!—to assent to the Allied reply to President Wilson's Note? Such an assent—say, in form, a petition to the King—might be signed under proper supervision by every adult in the King's uniform, or engaged in controlled factories, or even having any regular home. It would be impossible in such a petition to exclude women; and as the sole object is to obtain *opinions*, not to elect members or to decide any questions, rigid forms would not be required.

One way or another the hearty support of the whole nation is needed to enable the Government we have to win this awful war and to secure us a permanent peace.

Mr. Fisher's Task

By the Editor

PERHAPS the most satisfactory appointment in the new Government is that of Mr. Fisher to what, grotesquely enough, is the novelty of a Ministry for Education. The office is not only an innovation, it is a revolution, and if Mr. Fisher is to be a reformer and do any real good he will have to cut his way through a tanglewood of vested interest, prejudice, tradition, and insularity such as may defy the genius of a whole generation of reforming educational Ministers.

The favouring condition he may be said to start with is goodwill, which so far has found expression in a benevolent expectancy. All the rest will be new ground, though here the absence of tradition and all departmental prejudice should prove a help to him. None the less, the educational spirit of England (I say England as distinct from Scotland, where education is on a far higher plane) is against State educational intrusion; and having never known such a thing as a Ministerial programme it may be trusted to "kick," in true schoolboy spirit, at any encroachment upon the last clerical preserve of the Reformation. Put in a phrase, Mr. Fisher's job resembles that which faced Lord Kitchener in 1914—he will have to evolve or create out of the hugger-mugger of voluntarism a system, an organisation, an atmosphere, and, above all, a centre of Ministerial responsibility, even as Lord Kitchener had to raise a three-million army from the nucleus of some ten divisions.

Some years ago I wrote an article in *THE ENGLISH REVIEW* on "Our Gentlemen's Schools," which provoked a lively controversy. I showed the absence of intelligent tradition, the national harm done by the atmosphere of these places, with their hostile attitude towards culture, the

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idea of science and knowledge systematically pursued and *prized in and for itself*—which obviously must be the fundamental idea of any useful system of State education; but beyond a few acrid letters from “Heads” and an offer to fight from an Old Harrovian, *ætat.* 62, neither “beak,” boy, nor politician troubled themselves further about it. Those were the days of “Manchester,” of self-delusion—we believed in voluntarism; and so the happy-go-lucky system went on, even as the fall of aristocratic privilege in the House of Lords pointed its indical finger of judgment.

It is well to recall that episode. For the Lords fell justly as the result of intellectual atrophy. As the governing class, they had ceased to possess governing qualities, that is all; they no longer had example, and the reason lay in their inferior intellectual capacities due to the long neglect of education. If Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, it may fairly be said that St. Stephen’s was lost on those playgrounds. Wealth, ease, class arrogance, aggravated by the national snobbery, the absence of wars; hence the avoidance of stern realities—these things sapped the equipment of the old governing classes, and so at the first trial of strength they capitulated. Their fall let in the great rich and important middle classes, who (as Matthew Arnold predicted) were not only no better educated, but possessed no governing tradition and no example, and their attitude has since become notorious with Mr. Asquith’s formula: “Wait and see.”

Our educational system is the heritage of the Reformation, but, unfortunately, the Reformers were by no means the nation’s leading spirits, intellectually or creatively. England’s passion then was doctrine, in the enforcement of which the Reformers naturally opposed the Renaissance. Protestantism or Puritanism thus became the foe of culture. Science was a suspect thing. For the spirit of man it had no use. And the Reformation being essentially political in its incidence, intellectual freedom became a mere figure of speech. In the bigotry of what is loosely called religion, the Reformation regarded education first and foremost as the prerogative of the Church. Our cruel divorce laws are its handiwork. The persecutions for blasphemy, as in the case of the late Dr. Foote, were but the pendant of the old superstition of witchcraft. In such an atmosphere of

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intellectual stultification education inevitably became non-progressive. The two essential ideas of progressive education—liberty for the teacher and liberty for the learner—were feared and barred, and *still are feared and barred*. And to this day we find the teaching faculty largely in the hands of the Church. No wonder that education with us has been conservative in idea, denominationally constrictive, an affair of routine out of touch with and, as the passion for physical performance grew, more and more divorced from, the movements of the human spirit and so from the idea of science and intellectual creation.

We can see this in the indulgent contempt with which art is held in these Islands. Puritanism looked upon the theatre as an impurity. All life being criticised from the angle of fleshly sin, literary expression was put in curl papers. The hypocrisy necessarily resulting from a morality which was a monomania drove Byron out of the land. Poor Shelley* was treated like a criminal by Oxford, our so-called centre of learning. Intellectual freedom did not exist, and when Vizetelly translated Zola's novels the unfortunate man was sent to gaol. I remember the days when the Kreuzer-sonata was sold illicitly as an "aphrodisiac." But there is no need to continue. The point to notice is that the intellectual disabilities with which creative minds in this country have had to contend are the direct results of the restricted educational code of the Reformation, thus leading to the neglect of national standards of culture and to a stagnant plane of education which, acting on an inveterate insularity, severed us as it were, from European thought and movement, so causing us to develop in a world literally of our own in which the Continent shaped as some morally and socially inferior growth, and almost as an unclean thing. And as bigotry lost its authority and the resultant cynicism supervened, men turned to games, which for years now have been the fetish of our schools. The bishops acquiesced, for games are the enemy of ideas, especially the constructive ideas which made the French Revolution, and there is nothing so effective as a tired physical condition to keep men in a state of intellectual subjection. In the schools

* He was expelled for "contumaciously" refusing to avow his authorship of a pamphlet of an atheist character.

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masters* were chosen (they still are) for their physical aptitudes, regardless of their ability to teach. In the drowsy and impotent routine of our schools, England slept in placid communion with the "cloth."†

The fall of privilege thus created a great void, because democracy was unfitted to assume the governing rôle in the absence not only of example, which the aristocracy possessed intuitively as a tradition, but of all standard or standardisation of national ideal or culture with the growing ascendancy of the playground in the schools side by side with the commercialism or *laissez-faire* materialism of Manchester and the prosperous shopkeeper.

And now our educational system is dying, as St. Stephen's died, the natural death of anachronism. The old feudal and ecclesiastical organisation of the Reformation has been "found out" under the rude blows of war. Even the much-loved conscience clause objection can to-day scarcely find validity. The public recognition of this truth is the most hopeful sign as yet in the situation. It is part of the general awakening. That radical changes are necessary, even clerical schoolmasters are ready to admit. Our schools do not fit men to face the competition of Europe. In other words, the voluntary system has again been found inadequate, and in its place there has come the State.

I am not thinking of commercial education, nor, presumably, has Mr. Fisher been appointed merely to try to make the industrial classes a little more efficient in order that they may become a little richer; if that were the object in view, then the war will have taught us nothing. I assume that Mr. Fisher's business is with culture, the statification of our educational system and administration—with attitude.

* Many schools won't employ masters who don't play football. But just fancy a system which allows a masters' situation agency, like a servants' registry office! All that commercialism must go.

† When, some six years ago, I took over the editorship of this REVIEW at great personal financial loss at the time, I did so because I thought I could be helpful in breaking down the barrier of Puritanical convention or hypocrisy by providing a free platform for literary expression, and so stimulate intellectual thought and honesty, and though my mission, if I may be allowed the word, was misunderstood, and we were savagely attacked by organs such as *The Spectator*, and even banned from the bookstalls—in itself a curious example of the power of commercial monopoly over intellectual activity in the land we deceive ourselves by styling "Free" England—I think I am justified in claiming that this REVIEW has established itself as a medium of creative utility and the friend of all impersonal artistic endeavour.

MR. FISHER'S TASK

Attitude finally means criticism, which is a thing we abominate. We have no cultural attitude. So far education has been left to individual initiative, to tradition, routine, chance, and prejudice, which things were swept away in France with the fall of the Bastille. Yet attitude must be the first thing to aim at, if whole work is to be done, and so we may expect as the first constructive sign from the new Ministry our first Ministerial, State, or Municipal programme founded upon co-ordinated seats of learning under a central Ministerial responsibility. And foremost in the scheme, it is to be hoped, will be the enforcement of the principle of exclusive Ministerial selection as opposed to the power hitherto vested in the Crown—*i.e.*, the Prime Minister, which, owing to unavoidable political influences, is not the fit power to have the appointment of professors in the universities, who should be chosen on determined merit alone. But let us avoid anticipation and keep to the all-important matter of attitude.

Illustrations are always useful, all the more so as any one of us can authenticate and multiply them at will. Here, then, is a personal reminiscence which affected my whole school life. It was my good fortune to be in the house of the late E. E. Bowen, who, among other eccentricities, was addicted to trip about the place at night in slippers on a round of "surprise" visits, for which peculiarity he was commonly known among us as "Mo." One evening during my first term he caught me reading "*Les trois Mousquetaires*"—in French—and promptly gave me fifty lines. I expostulated. "It is a French yellow-back," he said. "But I am reading it in French," I returned. "Surely . . ." "Fifty lines," he repeated. "But, sir, my father gave me the book to read," I exclaimed. "A hundred lines now," he answered, "for rebelling against authority," and so saying he went off with my book which I never saw again. I remember well how my sense of justice revolted at what seemed to me a tyrannous stupidity, and as I lay in bed that night I vowed never to do any school work again—which vow, I regret to say, I conscientiously carried out. It so happened that I could read French fluently as a boy, and the notion of being punished for reading a French classic which my father had given me struck me as ample justification for any subsequent "bar-

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ring-out" tactics on my part, and when in later years I tackled him on the subject the only explanation I received was that rules were rules, and one of the rules was that no boy was to read a French novel.

The wicked French novel!

Imagine it! Can one wonder at the complete failure, the farce, of our school instruction in modern languages? Here is another example—up to date. At a school I recently visited in the North I found a master, back from the Front, who complained to me that he had to pronounce French in the English way, as otherwise the boys giggled so hysterically and the other masters did not "like" it. They regarded it as "effeminate" to speak correctly, he said. The old "anti-froggy" spirit is still rampant in the schools; French is still taught as a dead language and is still regarded by the boys with the unalloyed contempt of the days of "Boney."

Conceive of this after Verdun! Yet it is so. Did not that eminent lawyer and politician, Sir John Simon, tell us one Englishman was the equal to four conscripts? That is the spirit. It is the ignorance of intellectual stagnation.

In all our schools, with a few exceptions, art is despised. If a boy has a talent for music, for painting, for any creative faculty outside the ordinary curriculum, he is compelled to work at it in "off" hours, generally as an extra in playtime. The result is inevitable—he shirks it or gives it up. Often the music lesson, or whatever it is, falls in the football hour. The lad can run—the football master chaffs him: "O, you," he says to the boy, "with your music, you will never be a footballer at this rate," and the words prey upon the boy's mind. The other boys "rag" him for his "tum-ti-tum" eccentricities. Atmosphere proves too strong. Naturally, the child wishes to be popular. He finds the words artist, musician, painter, poet, are terms of depreciation. The "beefy" son of a well-to-do wine merchant twists his arm and calls him a "fiddler-feller." It is not "good form" to be an artist, he learns. The boys call it "swank." Soon the little chap stays on the football field, and after a few experiences of, in the case of art winked at, truancy abandons the fiddle for the routine "gentleman's" cue.

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Now a people who despise art despise truth, for art is the pursuit of truth. We may object that art is not the business of schools which are concerned with the average, but this is a mistake, if no attempt is made to raise the average. The contempt for art necessarily leads to the contempt for letters, for words, and so for all exact knowledge and pursuit of knowledge, and, above all, for the sense of criticism, which is indeed the characteristic of our educational system. If the spiritualism of the mind is despised, the spirit of man is despised. The one thing schoolmasters and boys are at one in condemning is criticism; in other words, creation: for all just criticism is creative. But so much is this elementary definition of the word neglected that criticism to-day has come to be regarded as a negative or destructive thing, and it is surely to this spirit that we owe the curious absence of responsibility in our public life on which the late Government traded with such disastrous effects upon the conduct of the war. We have come positively to hate criticism, and though this is partly due to the commercialism of modern civilisation, the source of its hostility unquestionably resides in the schools, which regard change, reform, or innovation as an inconvenience to be resisted, as it were, a class affront. But the intellectual aspect has a social and so a political aspect, pervading and demoralising our whole life. And just as our schools have sought to exempt themselves from the natural laws of progress and the requirements of a modern society, so, retroactively, England has tried to exempt herself from that civil organisation and responsibility which, following on the example of France, took place almost everywhere in Europe decades ago, and most notably in Prussia, and which to-day every sensible man here realises to be indispensable. In our insularity we have denied the right of reason and of intellect to rule human affairs; or we may liken it to a state of mental strike against the march and development of man judged Europeanly, paradoxically enough justified in the name of liberty. The men that our schools have turned out became the class foes of the critical attitude. As a result, they have destroyed all sense of responsibility in our public life, for with the pleasant doctrine of individualism or voluntarism, which may be epitomised as the philosophy of "all for the best," respon-

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sibility, in the absence of criticism, obviously can have no place, and with the lack of criticism there necessarily goes by default the power of judgment, hence the lack of standard and so of values and of just appreciation of merit. For if the schools have no progressive standards, the country also will have no standards. It is not enough to say that so long as the schools turn out what are called gentlemen, the rest can take care of itself. Modern democracy may well ask, What is a gentleman? and would probably consult Bernard Shaw. In any case, a mere standard of conduct is not sufficient in an age of science, in an era of ever-diminishing class difference. That is, of course, one reason why the alien Jew has found it so easy to climb in England to wealth and office. He does not suffer from the mental constipation of a formula. His vision is international, the cut of his trousers is only a secondary matter. He works. He is not preoccupied with "sport." He can buy.

Difficult as it is in war to write of this subject, it must be faced. And what we have to realise is not only the inferiority of our intellectual equipment and so of our efficiency, but our inferiority as the result of mental laziness, the direct product of the schools. For, as in the schools it is not good form to be what boys style a "swot," so in after-life the schoolboy aversion to work persists. A boy and a man will cheerfully endure any amount of physical labour or hardship so long as it can be included in the rubric of sport, but where the mind is concerned it is another story. The week-end habit is a symptom. It is no exaggeration to say that it often takes a man five years after he has left his school or university to acquire the habit of work. Fleet Street is full of the wreckages of such men. When the bell rings for "Cease work" the man just down from the schools instinctively throws off all further thought connected with his calling until the next morning. He cannot divest himself of the old schoolboy attitude towards work. It is in his blood. In the evening he encases his mind in evening dress. If he has to go up to the office on Saturday morning he itches for the clock to strike one. And this spirit of the upper classes is reflected down the social strata. In the masses it is called "ca' canny." It finds expression in the practice of delegating

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responsibility, over-staffing offices and most Government Departments; so that where an English business would be run by ten men, a similar French business would employ seven. In domestic service we find the same system. Every servant tries to get another to wait upon her. It is the principle of school "fagging." The little boy fetches the big boy's cap. The scullery-maid won't touch a duster—she is not engaged to dust, she will explain. In short, every man is too big for his boots, and to this there is the tradition that an Englishman "won't be told."

In the lower classes this attitude is notorious, and it is largely the reason of our curious backwardness. Go down to your kitchen and show the cook how to make a dish a little more tasty, and see what she will say. What my grandfather did is good enough for me is the spirit: it is the spirit of ignorance, as the result of want of education. Class apes class. The mind of the average schoolboy on quitting school is a watertight compartment, so far as ideas are concerned. He has been grounded on the conservatism of acceptance; it moulds him into a stocky unreceptivity.

One marked characteristic of our gentlemen's school system is the irresponsibility it leads to. The sloppiness of mind of the average boy is reflected in an utter irresponsibility of outlook. He leaves school without a notion of the value of money. Without the sense of order and system, he lacks fundamentals. Accustomed to be waited upon, he expects everything to be done for him. His whole mind is centred on games. He is the product of class training and arrogance, and only too often the poor fellow suffers bitterly in the rough and tumble of life, trying to understand, wondering how it is that things are so different from what his school life had led him to expect. The anomaly, of course, really lies in a system which served in the days when most of the boys automatically fell, on leaving school, into governing positions, but this is no longer the case in modern conditions, and it is because the schools have remained stationary that the hour of their reconstruction has come.

Mr. Gray, in his book "Eclipse or Empire," touches the raw, but the astonishing inefficiency he complains of, which for years has been a European and American by-word, is solely due to our low plane of education, or, to be

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exact, anti-constructive spirit of education, which actually trains men to think unscientifically and to despise intellectual creation. It is not, of course, that our schools do not turn out brilliant men, or that our exceptions* are not the equal to the best abroad. So far as scholarship is concerned, we still hold our own in various spheres. The point is the average, especially as in England the educational machinery is entirely adapted for the average, and here the result of the system must be admitted to be bad. Bad, because instead of stimulating intellectual curiosity, mental activity, the systematic pursuit of knowledge and the respect for knowledge, it operates in a negative sense, and so harmfully to the national development. After all, what a boy learns before he is seventeen matters only relatively. The object of education must surely be to open the mind, to render the individual capable of learning how to learn, to fit him to take his part in the struggle for life—to furnish him with an attitude whereby he may know himself and the world.

Our system gives him no such attitude, however beneficial the training may be in the formation of character, a benefit which, in the modern conditions of life, I, for one, think we exaggerate. What use is it laboriously to teach a boy Latin and Greek if, on leaving his studies, his association of ideas is fundamentally anti-intellectual, and he sells his books at the second-hand shop as so much litter to be forgotten and cast away with his manhood? For this is what happens in the case of our average boy. He faces life with no liberal culture, rather with an antipathy to the very word. He considers he has burnt his boats and all his mental tackle. For science, the arts, knowledge, and creative thought he has an athletic and insular indifference.

This it is that matters, not the amount that a man can cram in his school career to pass an examination, which is a mandarin contrivance largely abandoned on the Continent, and as conducted here both vicious and futile. Thus attitude towards life is the important consideration in education, an attitude which reflects and respects culture and seeks to raise it to an ever-higher plane; now it is precisely here that we have failed. The very idea of a national

* Genius will always educate itself. It is the average that matters, for as often as not the school prize-boy turns out a very ordinary man.

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culture is foreign to our mentality. That form of vanity inculcated in all schools, and revealed in self-depreciation under the cloak of modesty, is in reality nothing more than an expression of our indisposition for exactness of knowledge and intellectual distinction, and so marked is the trait that nothing annoys a professor more than to be addressed with that predicate. His vanity makes him desire not to be classed as an intellectual, because he knows that knowledge is not prized in this country in and for itself. It carries with it something of the stigma of spectacles. Thus we have no recognised equivalent for the words *savant* or *Gelehrter*.

An education which is intellectually non-formative, which does not stir a man to grow intellectually on leaving school, is certainly on wrong lines, yet I suppose few men will deny that such is in great part the result of the existing system. It is not the fault of the schoolmasters, many of whom stand out as beautiful characters in a profession which is not taken seriously. The fault lies in the general indifference, or want of attitude, towards life, and so towards education. Schoolmasters give the boys the education that the public wants—such is the system. Obviously, it is putting the cart before the horse. The teachers should be—the teachers; the raisers of standard, not the associates of uninspired complacency. But this they can never do without the authority and inspiration of the State, which, so long as it sees no reason to interfere, can scarcely expect, in the absence of all Governmental programme or standard, either uniformity or progress in the national culture. Nor would State control be of much assistance unless completely separated from the whim of party political influence—a condition which might easily lead to fantastic disturbance and disorganisation to the advantage of nobody. One has only to imagine an election fought on the issue of the study of Greek to picture the chaos that would ensue—and the posters! Without a supreme Council of Education, presided over by a Minister of Education with full powers, little can be done, and it should be a body representing the interests of learning and intelligence in the country in whom should be reposed the right of all professorial appointments. And, certainly, there should be a passing test for all teachers in the place of the present haphazard

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method by which any man can become a schoolmaster,* whether he has any aptitude or not for instruction.

Mr. Fisher has a terrific task ahead of him. One almost trembles at the thought of how, and where, he will begin. Will he begin with games, or will he leave superior education alone for the time being? How will he tackle the individualist problem of the private schools? Will he dare to democratise education; standardise administration; co-order or nationalise instruction? I hope so most fervently. That is the central want in the new England that will blossom forth out of war, so that every bright youth may have his fair chance in lieu of the class cleavage which marks off the opportunities of the rich from the poor. Will he venture to democratise the ecclesiastical institutions of Oxford † and Cambridge and regalanise those old walls?

It is difficult to see how he can effect any radical reform without the creation of atmosphere and the needful attitude towards education, for the educated opinion that knows what is required tends to grow smaller in modern conditions, and but for the war would never even have acquired expression. Yet this would seem his chance, and this atmosphere can only be created by democratising, or, as I fear one must put it, popularising the pursuit and status of learning.

I once went down to my old school on what is called "Speech Day," when it is customary for the boys to assemble at the steps and cheer such distinguished "Old Boys" as are pointed out to them for that honour. It so happened that I passed out with a very distinguished writer and man, though not commercially successful, and as on his appearance the boys raised a cheer my friend responsively clutched at his silk hat. But he was mistaken; the cheer was not meant for him. A stout gentleman took the acclamation, an alderman of benign mediocrity. The highly distinguished man of letters was not on the cheering list. The cheers were billed and given for worldly success, not for intellectual achievement. Very likely the masters who drew up the list of men to be cheered had never heard of this man's books; or, perhaps, they did not approve of them? "You see, they would not be looking for that kind

* And masters should be better paid.

† The county clerical vote opposes all reform to-day.

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of a celebrity," the jolly boy we lunched with afterwards informed us, for the incident was the joke of the meal, and I could not help thinking what a reflection the phrase cast on the plane of culture of one of our greatest schools.

Now that is the spirit Mr. Fisher has to break if he is to do more than patchwork. It is that spirit which has led to the debasing and vulgarisation of speech in the classes, whose vocabulary yearly grows more stereotyped and restricted, and, indeed, to-day depends for its very adjectives on the slang and *clichés* of the music-hall.*

At the Universities we want the private lecturer, side by side with the professor, and at the schools we want *enthusiasm*. In other words, we have to make the Universities great popular institutions, as they are in the States, so that their intellectual influence may be felt in the cities in which they are situated, as is the case in Germany. It is spiritualism we need, as against the attitude of parents who profess not to care what a boy learns, provided he goes through the mill, for that way necessarily leads downwards. The diagnosis is, of course, that we grew rich before we were educated, whereas France and Germany were educated before they became rich.

I have only touched on the subject of superior education, which would appear the most urgent, because if the ruling classes fail, what will it profit the lower classes to succeed? It is not that we lack brains, quite the contrary. The evil is the bad market for brains, unless commercially applied. Having lived a considerable part of my life abroad I am able to speak with confidence on the subject of modern languages, and, surprising as it may seem, I can truthfully say that some of the best linguists I ever met were Englishmen. The whole question resolves itself into one of attitude. I remember on my return to England, after fourteen years' residence on the Continent, meeting a man in Downing Street who is to-day one of our leading diplomatists, and after a few commonplaces he said: "Don't you find it exceedingly difficult to talk to your own countrymen?" I did, as a fact, but I put it down

* See the address by Mr. W. L. Hitchens, Chairman of Cammell, Lairds. Note the poor English translation of the Allies' Note, or that vulgarity in the advertisement of the National Loan: "Sit down now and find out how much money you have in the bank." Why "sit down"?

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to some inherent fault of my own. "Not a bit," he rejoined. "We talk and think in England differently from other peoples, because most of our ideas are formed from set judgments which we think it un-English to modify, and so we are a good twenty years behind the times. Thus, if you criticise anything popular or accepted as an institution, men look upon you as suspect or even worse, and that is why conversation usually takes the form of banter. We hate discussing serious things, because we hate having to think and correct transmitted and preconceived opinions. It is bad manners to talk and argue as the French do. You will notice that men avoid talking about their own subjects, and if they do they are voted bores and prigs." His words at the time astonished me. But soon I discovered how right he was.

People have deplored the decay of letter-writing, of conversation, of the *salon*, but the reason of this decay is not due to the telephone or the car or the rapidity of life; it is the result of a spirit of education which has destroyed the spiritualism of culture. Our values are wrong because we have no standards, no critical values. We have neglected our star-finders and torch-bearers*; we are, in short, precisely what our education has made us. Mr. Fisher has a tremendously thrilling opportunity. On the completeness of the reconstruction of English education the fruits of the war and of our physical victory will assuredly depend.

* In Berlin last week two Shakespearean plays were on the bills, one at "The People's Theatre," where mostly classics are given at popular prices, far below those reigning at "The Lyceum." It is a great want that we have no such People's Theatre. How many Shakespeare plays have been produced in London since 1914?

The Feeding of England

By Agricola

Food is now the chief interest for all the belligerents, and it is almost certain that it will be the deciding factor in the great struggle.

England with the cards in her hand has played them badly. She had command of the sea from the start, and it was possible for her, behind those naval bulwarks, so to organise her agriculture that the coming harvest would have seen her practically independent of oversea supplies, and the price of food need have been little higher now than it was in 1913.

The question of price, however, is not all-important in a great war, and can be left; but the possibility of our being compelled to relinquish the prosecution of the war because food is too scarce demands immediate consideration, and it is imperative to examine the preparations now being made for the coming year.

The food question differs from others at one vital point. As soon as we found ourselves short of shells we formed the Ministry of Munitions, and almost immediately—almost from that very day—the supply of shells increased. But the establishment of an organisation to increase the food supply is another matter, because, sufficiently to affect a harvest, work must be started at least eighteen months ahead; and to have an appreciable influence, an organisation must be in full working order ten months ahead.

We are now in February, and the vast body that is coming into existence is not yet in working order. However, it is at work with feverish intensity, and its manifestations demand our scrutiny. Our troubles may be set forth shortly. Owing to the steady drainage of labour from the land, the difficulty of the farmer's position, and the uncertainty of his future, the coming harvest will be the worst for a generation—apart from the influence of the weather. Moreover, the lack of labour for the last two

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years has resulted in an increasing foulness of the soil which will prove detrimental in 1917 and for many years to come.

The rising prices of food have at least brought our rulers to their senses, and the denudation of labour and the absence of all facilities or encouragement for the farmer are to be remedied as fast as possible.

The effort to do this falls under two heads.

One is the new Agricultural Committees being formed under the Board of Agriculture for each county to increase the supply of food; the other, the various arrangements made at headquarters by the Food Controller or the Board of Agriculture to affect the country at large.

The latter are the more dangerous!

Speaking generally, the moves of the Food Controller and the President of the Board of Agriculture are all in the wrong direction. The bureaucratic mind is not in touch with practical details, and tends to lean always toward general orders, or more particularly to general prohibitions, which—from the lack of intimate knowledge—defeat their purpose and result in all-round dislocation. An instance is to be found in the recent regulations on the price of milk. Milk has been rising in price since war began, and, after a prolonged indifference, the Board of Trade fixed a maximum price to work on a sliding scale in ratio to the summer and winter rates before the war.

What is the result?

Milk rose in price because it was costing more to produce, and the farmer in 1916 was getting less profit on his turnover than in 1913. The new order, however, fixes a maximum price, and at various times the farmer will find that he is selling his milk at a loss. He thereon does the obvious: gives his cow a little cake, and sells her for beef.

This was always done in peace-time when milk was unprofitable, and during the coming year will be done at a very rapid rate.

The result of this Order is that the townsman will pay less for his milk in 1917 than he paid in 1916—when he can get it! Probably he will offer the milkman a bonus of 6*d.* to deliver him sixpennyworth of milk!

It is fatal to begin on so complex a problem at this one point of price. Price, it must be remembered, is only a

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symbol of necessity, and to limit it without paying attention to supply is merely to decrease supply.

But this same vicious principle is now to apply to wheat, oats, and potatoes. The case of potatoes is of a special interest. Whilst wheat was mainly sown before Christmas and oats are now arranged for, the acreage of potatoes has yet to be determined. At this crucial moment their maximum price is announced, for next year, as £5 15s. a ton.

Seed-potatoes are now selling at from £12 to £15 a ton and Scotch seed at £20 a ton.

(Scotch seed is a continual necessity to English growers, for potatoes exhaust themselves in the same soil in a few years.) The average yield of potatoes is about 5 tons per acre, and owing to the scarcity of chemical manures (which play so large a part in this crop) and labour, and the foul condition of the soil, I estimate the 1917 crop as certainly not higher than an average of 4 tons per acre.

With seed at £15 to £20 a ton, with practically no potash (a vital need), and with the other disabilities mentioned, the potato crop may result—granted average weather—in a ruinous loss for a great number of growers, while some men on the richer soils who raise up to 12 tons per acre, may reap a fortune.

Maximum prices must come last in an agricultural organisation—not first!

An ounce of fact is invaluable as evidence, and I give below a letter from the *Times* (January 11th) from a well-known man:—

SIR,

I see that the maximum price of potatoes is to be fixed at £5 15s. per ton, and I can imagine no better expedient for checking the production of this much-needed tuber. I had just arranged to plough up about 30 acres of inferior pasture and take a crop of potatoes, but have now countermanded the order. What affects me will affect others throughout the country, for who in his senses, with seed potatoes at anything from £15 to £20 per ton, would plant a crop from which the maximum he could hope to obtain would be £5 15s. per ton? In my judgment the whole plan of fixed maximum prices is unsound, but if they are to become law, obviously all food products must be included, for no farmer will sell vegetable products at an artificially low price when he can feed stock with them, of which the price is not to be kept down by legislation.

Still more absurd are the regulations for limiting the courses at a meal. It is not necessary to deal with them, and probably when this article appears they will have been rescinded.

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On the other hand, a good move has been made by the establishment of a Committee to control agricultural machinery. Its constitution seems thoroughly practical, and as it will have representation from the Ministry of Munitions, the Board of Agriculture, etc., much may be hoped therefrom.

Similar practical Committees are urgently necessary to deal with chemical manures and seeds, with transit facilities, with labour supply, and with the marketing and distribution of crops when grown. These Committees, in concert with the new County Committees (of which more later), would be the nucleus of an efficient body, which would provide enough food in 1918 to keep us afloat.

If such Committees were given drastic powers, and if they worked together under a strong parent body, they could achieve the maximum good to agriculture possible in the present circumstances. They must abstain from the besetting evil of Departments in issuing hasty prohibitions or setting maximum or minimum prices, and intend their brains to helping or coaxing or forcing the farmer to produce more food, in assisting its distribution, and in preventing waste.

The other half of the present movement is in the counties. A real devolution has taken place here, and these Committees are responsible to the Board of Agriculture for their districts. They have very considerable powers (although not nearly enough), they are composed of practical men, and will certainly do something to assist matters. But, unfortunately, they are almost entirely drawn from one class, and as, presently, they will be compelled to obtain and exercise drastic and arbitrary powers, this fault may be fatal. They are formed of landlords, large farmers, and some business men—the class from which the present County Councils are drawn. There are no labour representatives, no peasant proprietors, and hardly any small farmers. The large farmers now acting are too often tenants of the great estates, and there is altogether too much of the landed interest involved.

The total abolition of game and foxes is one of the first things to be done, and the average landlord would rather die than see this happen. As the present Committees will certainly not abolish any of those feudal per-

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quisites that the English landowner lives and stands for, it will be seen that a change must come. These Committees will have to expropriate farmers who are inefficient, and will become frightfully unpopular, and it is clear that they must have a democratic basis. One-third of their representation must be labourers or smallholders; and one-third must be peasant proprietors and small farmers who are *not* tenants of the great landlords. Otherwise they cannot do the work that awaits them so imperatively.

Their problem is to produce more food.

They can cope with it in two ways:

They can either take over all farms as controlled establishments, treating the labourers as soldiers, paying the landlord an average rent, the farmer an average profit, and giving the farmer and labourer a bonus on increased production; or they may offer the farmer every inducement and assistance in producing as much as possible; expropriating the inefficient man. For the coming year they will certainly act on the latter principle, and their chief difficulty, therefore, will be how to cope with the bad farmer.

One-half of our farmers are medium, one-quarter are very good, and one-quarter hopeless. The good ones will grow the maximum of food (varying with the assistance afforded). The medium 50 per cent. are mainly so because they lack sufficient capital. Give these credit facilities, and they will do better. They will do as well as can be expected under the new *régime*—not so well as the best men, of course, but well enough to pass muster.

The bad 25 per cent. must be removed *now*! Our Committees have power to enter on to land for examination, and they must at once arrange to remove these inefficients. They must put the farms (for the period of the war) into the hands of good farmers who are ready and able to manage them, or, failing that, they must farm them themselves. The same process must be followed with uncultivated land.

The Irish authorities have issued orders which will show what must be done.

These indicate the quantity of arable land in the possession of any occupier which must be cultivated for the production of food, failing which he will be guilty of a summary offence.

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Where no part of a holding was cultivated last year, one-tenth of the area of the holding comes under the cultivation scheme. Where any part of a holding was cultivated last year, a portion equivalent to the cultivated and one-tenth of the area of the holding in addition must be cultivated, provided that the occupier shall not be required to cultivate more than half the area of the holding. This regulation does not apply to any holding of less than 10 acres, or any holding as to which, not later than March 25th next, there is a declaration in writing from the Irish Department of Agriculture that cultivation of such holding for the production of food would be of less service than using it in some other manner.

Land under first or second year's crop of rye-grass is deemed to be cultivated. The regulation is to have effect notwithstanding any agreement or covenant regarding the user of the holdings, and abrogates any penal clauses in such agreements.

This is an excellent stroke, and if followed up will show good results.

These, then, are the two lines of progress: the Central Powers in London and the County Committees. If the Central Organisation is run with imagination, the threat of famine may be averted in 1918; but it must be understood that with the material we have, and with our organisation only half begun, we cannot look for any considerable increase in the 1917 harvest. It will be better than it would otherwise have been, but it will not be nearly enough to feed us. We are six months late for that.

If time were not now so precious I should not write in a critical spirit, but only in admiration of what is foreshadowed. Unfortunately, every day counts for the affecting of the next harvest, and every wrong step now taken in the hasty formation of these bodies will be dearly paid for.

If the statement made at the beginning of this article is realised by the nation, that the war depends now upon food, and if the lines indicated here are followed—as conditions allow—our prospect is not so black. We shall be very short indeed of food next winter, but no shorter at the worst than Germany has been for eighteen months, and we could hold on, if our people show the same fortitude, until the harvest of 1918. But if the right measures are not taken—then woe betide us!

Martial Law and Women

By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie

A GREAT wave for good—not goodness—but real goodness has spread over the British nation, perhaps from the contemplation of the wave of Prussian evil. Men who have never thought of their Creator or a life beyond, who have never paused to think of higher things or nobler actions, have been brought face to face with such stern tragedy that all that is best in them has sprung into life. They have done deeds of heroism they could not have dreamed themselves capable of. They have prayed to God. A God unknown to them a year ago. The more vile the Prussian felon strikes, the more chivalrous, valorous, and religious our men become.

The scenes at the Front have stamped much evil thought and inclination from their minds. As a wounded boy said: "I never criticise anyone now, Nurse, not since I've been under fire."

They have become disciplined, punctual, sober, clean, obedient; quick in action, physically better, and more considerate. In the firing line a man knows that any moment may be his last. To be constantly face to face with death must, and does, alter a man. While in daily momentary peril he is, perhaps, unconsciously building up ideals. It is the hour of rush in every land, the day of fierce mechanical work and general push. To-morrow has become to-day; but these men are looking to happier, purer, better homes on their return from battle, for peace at home and peace beyond the seas. Are these men to be disappointed?

Are the women at the lathe, or plying their needles, or nursing the wounded going to fail them, or fail to surround themselves with that feeling of right and beauty, of cleanliness and order, thrift and comfort, that these men are looking for?

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A great task lies before Imperial women, both here in the old homeland and across the seas.

But while our best men and our best women are toiling, children of fourteen—let loose at least a couple of years too soon from the schools, their so-called education over—are running wild about the streets and falling into mischief. They are uncontrolled. Their fathers are in khaki, their mothers are often away on work or pleasure bent. Juvenile crime is rife. Alas! hooligans are made between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. Would it not be possible to enrol every one of them, both boys and girls, as scouts and teach them their duty to their country.

All State-aided education should be for the benefit of the State. Reading, writing, and arithmetic till fourteen, and then technical, commercial, or domestic science education until the age of sixteen, when every boy and girl would be of some value to the country instead of a drag. The brilliant ones should be helped still further. Only in very exceptional cases should children become wage-earners at fourteen, and then for two years more they should surely be obliged to attend classes suitable to their life work.

The continuation classes and night schools of America are the backbone of the States.* We are at this moment educating six million boys and girls at a cost of twenty-eight millions a year, and most of them leave school totally uneducated, as far as earning a living is concerned.

We have heard a great deal of late years about our Rights, but little enough about our Duty. We were told everybody had a right to what somebody else possessed, and there are people still "on strike," or "down tools," who appear to be upholding their little individual rights in utter disregard of the country's peril or their duty. When will a statesman, such as Pitt or Chatham, arise strong enough to take his courage in both hands and preach duty to one's neighbour, to one's country, and to mankind? Have we found him in Mr. Lloyd George?

The upper and middle classes learn something of duty at school; but in lower-middle and lower-class education the word Duty seems to be unknown. This is very noticeable to-day with unrestrained boys and girls getting into mischief on every side.

* Described in "America as I Saw It."

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Loose living among girls is necessarily encouraged by the huge influx of five million men under arms. All these men are away from their homes; they are all cut adrift from their family ties; they are all in strange surroundings and easily enticed by the flapper to mischief they do not seek. Alas! the supposed flapper of fourteen has actually proved to be the depraved woman of forty. School left too young, want of proper and insistent so-called "night schools," all tend to mischief. What we have gained in patriotic vigour among the elders we are losing among the unrestrained youngsters at home.

Mr. D'Eyncourt, the magistrate, in his farewell speech the other day, said that we were more civilised than fifteen years ago, but that the state of juvenile crime during the war had made many people anxious, who were not aware that nothing could be done with the boy or girl between fourteen and sixteen. They could not be whipped or imprisoned, and magistrates hesitated to send them to a reformatory for five years. Civil law does not go far enough.

Restraint is badly wanted. Surely girls from fourteen to eighteen should not be wandering aimlessly about in the dark or haunting railway stations! Failing good reason shown—or a printed permit—for being abroad at night, they should be in their homes by seven o'clock, which now means three hours after dark.

Germany has mobilised her women just as she has mobilised her men, and if we mean to beat her greater population we must do the same, not only in theory, but in practice. Many women of brains have offered their services to the State and been refused, or given inferior jobs and 25s. a week to live on, after spending a thousand pounds or more to acquire the educational knowledge they possess.

It is nearly as stupid to set a man accustomed to run a business to wash plates as it is to put a man accustomed to wash plates in an administrative post. The same with women. Highly-educated women are given menial posts. They cannot live on the pay and their brains become moribund. The country loses a national asset.

There are little girl typists earning from 16s. to 30s. a

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week, who dress in chiffon blouses costing 20s. and wear jewellery galore, because no one points out the necessity of saving or the unsuitability of accepting presents from men to whom they are not engaged. It is a strange anomaly that while men from overseas are flirting with typists they are marrying domestics. They know the only possible wife for the Colonies is one who can cook, and sew, and wash, and clean, and keep a decent house. These men are marrying domestics in scores. Their soldiers' pay is accumulating in Australia, New Zealand, or Canada, so that with that capital, and with well-trained girls—well trained in housework—by their sides, they will go off to found new homes and strengthen the ties with old England beyond the Seas.

Extravagance is silly. Why should factory girls buy silk stockings and fur coats? Both are utterly out of place in a factory, just as much out of place as diamond tiaras. You don't suddenly put a shire cart horse into park harness, and if fur coats are necessary for the factory, why not motor cars for newspaper boys?

Sir William Milligen said the other day: "Increase by 25 per cent. the wages of the poorest class of female workers and you decrease by 50 per cent. the recruits to prostitution." Many a girl has fallen through the insidious first offer of a box of chocolates or a glass of wine at a supper-party. One cannot always blame the girl; she often knows nothing of sex or life, and the law does not protect her by insisting that every woman should be paid a wage on which she can live decently. Shops are often the worst culprits in this way; and the Post Office pays but 12s. to 15s. to many of its workers; and, according to Miss MacArthur, there are over 100,000 working on Government munitions who are not yet granted a living wage. Others are greatly overpaid. Let us drop hypocrisy and call a spade a spade; tell boys and girls the pitfalls of life in their schooldays, and see that the latter are not asked to work for 8s. or 10s. a week—a sum on which no one can live—while boys are being paid 30s. and 40s. a week and getting drunk on it.

Women in hundreds of thousands are doing superbly; but the tens are being tempted by gold and glitter. All hail to the suggested Woman Power Board.

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There is another question that calls aloud for the application of power.

Few of us realise man is the only animal that drinks when not thirsty.

The sale of vodka and spirits was stopped in Russia. It had been a curse. A new Russia was born, and the uneducated, dirty, vodka-soaked peasant became a hard-fighting soldier; for, remember, only about 25 per cent. in Russia can read or write, while in Finland no one can marry who cannot do both—and yet Finland is a part of Russia.

It is true drunkenness in our large towns has decreased during the last eighteen months, because the people have had something else to think about; but from 1908 to 1914 it rose steadily year by year, not only among men, but, alas! among women too.

As we seem to have lost the initiative in leadership, could we not follow the good example of Russia and stop the sale of all spirits, and brew small beer, for the duration of the war? If it is true that we are spending half a million a day on drink, that represents £120,000,000 a year which might be used to win the war. As it is, we may drink as much as we like, we may buy fifty new dresses a day; but we cannot buy sugar for tea unless we spend four shillings on something else, and yet we may spend £5 on chocolates and no one says us nay.

We are asked not to eat so much meat; but are we given cheap simple recipes for risottos, macaroni cheese, spaghetti, polenta, vegetable curries; vegetable, rice, or fish soups; cakes and pancakes without eggs, lentil cutlets, or any of those things that chefs make so well, but which the ordinary English cook has never even heard of? It is no good whatever to say don't eat meat unless one teach the housewives how to cook something else. Surely classes should be instituted all over the country to demonstrate how to cook nutritious palatable meat substitutes. This is war, and war commands us to be bold, to turn our old coats inside out and start new schemes.

They say woman has found herself.

Nothing of the kind. Man has found woman. We women are not surprised at ourselves, we knew perfectly well what we were made of, and had hit our heads against

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the bars year after year in vain. Even at the beginning of the war every offer was rebuffed.

Untrained nurses? No, certainly not.

Women orderlies? Ridiculous.

Women ticket collectors, 'bus conductors, chauffeurs? Absurd.

Women munition workers? Preposterous. And so on.

How those Ministers and Generals have eaten their own words, and come forward, again and again, to implore women to leave the homes declared to be their "only sphere," even to forget their homes, and come out in thousands into the labour market because it was their duty. And yet there are still women who have been asking the State to employ them for two and a half years, and time and again have been told they were not wanted—not wanted, because young men still filled posts women could undertake. More than that, the ridiculous age-limit prohibited the best women in the land from getting posts.

Man has at last discovered woman's versatility. To imagine women are different creatures from what they were two years ago is ridiculous. They have had their chance, that is all. The country's extremity has been the woman's opportunity. The country's extremity is the soldier's opportunity for passing martial law, for protecting youth and clearing up many scandals. A new type of man has been born in France and the big fighting centres. He is more social, religious, more patriotic, more brave, more big-hearted. His ideas are loftier, he is building ideas, and in his dreams as he sits in danger he thinks of his womenfolk—in being, or to be; and weaves a romance, beautiful and inspiring, inspiring and encouraging of all a woman should be. That man is prepared to come home a cleaner, better man, and he hopes to find a cleaner, better land. Is he to be disappointed? Think of the men who have lost their lives for the cause of right and duty: all these lives lost will be in vain if we women of the Empire do not do our bit to purify and simplify our homes, to make the word home ring forth anew. Our soldiers are longing for homes, ideal homely homes, and women alone can make and build up those homes. Her home may be one room; but that room can have an air of sanctity as great as has the palace.

Every woman cannot marry. Every girl does not even

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want to marry; but every woman under such circumstances can work and take her place as a builder of the Empire whether she does it in Great Britain or the Greater Britain beyond the seas. Vast, well-organised emigration to our Colonies and Dominions must be the outcome of this awful war; but meantime we have got to finish it, and to finish it quickly before every able-bodied man is killed or maimed.

If martial law had been proclaimed as a military necessity to speed up the winning of the war the disgraceful sights in our streets, the drugging and robbing of soldiers, and harmful effect of darkened roads and much more would have been avoided. Disease more deadly than murder (for to women and children it is often slow murder) could have been stamped out. It is never too late to remedy an evil.

Mexico City, at one time probably the most diseased city in the world, was cleansed in a couple of years by that fine old President, General Diaz. He adopted drastic measures, and his success was more lasting than if he had taken half-measures for half a century.

Disease has been practically stamped out at the Front; it has been allowed to increase at home. Drastic measures of surveillance and control and proper treatment have worked marvels for our soldiers. Is it not time the same should be done at home? Every diseased soldier is a "casualty." Every casualty is one man less in the fighting line. Men and women are not as much to blame who suffer through ignorance as the officials who blunder through want of pluck and organisation. What martial law has done for our men in France, martial law can do for our men and women in England. We shall want babies; but babies born of diseased parents are murdered before their birth. A doctor's certificate of health should be as necessary as the marriage lines themselves. No man or woman has the right to bring diseased, half-blind, paralytic, imbecile children into the world. Such risk to child life should be made impossible.

The poor mother has been the country's drudge for centuries. She must now be honoured and helped and encouraged; and 930,000 people (composed of 300,000 families) must not live in one- or two-roomed tenements, as they now do in London. In such cases infant mortality rises to the hideous figure of 200 per 1,000. If we want

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more healthy babies (God forbid we should have diseased ones!) the country must realise that women cannot bear the strain unless they are helped by free attendance, bonuses, fresh milk for the young child, a rebate in taxes, and houses more suitable for large families, and the institution of national schools of mothercraft.

Let the cinema be used as a great educational scheme for the young, properly organised on useful and unlifting lines. Let us stop small children visiting places of entertainment after dark, and supervise what they see.

Let us shut night clubs and gambling houses absolutely.

Let us keep our towns lighted until we know Zepps are on the coast, and then plunge them in total darkness. There are more accidents and trouble through darkness than from Zepps.

War is Hell. Everyone has been describing munition factories lately. Dante's Inferno is nothing to the noise, the force, the flare, the view of Hell. May it prove the Purgatory through which civilisation enters the analogy of Heaven.

There is the great opportunity for reform, and martial law might do much to protect our young men, our young women, and our children. Never let us forget for one moment these boys and girls are the parents of our next generation. It is for their children that our children are to-day laying down their lives.

This awful war may prove a blessing if we only treat it the right way, and look ahead. We had become too fond of our rights and had forgotten our larger duties. We had become too absorbed in our minor ailments and forgotten the greater suffering possible. We had become too fond of luxury and ease. We were all too trivial and selfish. War has made us all expand, made us face greater problems, taught us geography and history, the value of education, patriotism, and, above all, to understand humanity and suffering. We have learnt our lesson, millions of us have learnt our lesson, while a few thousands are still untouched. They are but a handful; but a tiny stone dropped in a stream makes a big circle. If military rule would open the eyes of the thoughtless and would speed things up, let us have it, and have it now.

Women would accept military rule with acclamation,

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as said at the beginning of this article. Can any military inconvenience or control outweigh the heartrends the women have, and are, suffering? The military have only to tell us it is necessary, give their reasons, and get Parliament to enforce martial law, and every woman in the country would be with them—aye, and every soldier too.

Munitions were speeded up, man-power is being speeded up, woman-power is being speeded up, and if military rule can hurry on the glorious end for which we are working and fighting, let us have martial law, and have it quickly—even if every able-bodied man up to forty-five be called to the Colours, and up to sixty-five be sent to work for the country, unless rejected on medical grounds, and every able-bodied woman up to sixty be asked to work.

England's sons have died that a great Empire may live—God bless them. We are paying a great price to live in a free world. These are tragic days of trial; but a nation that has done so nobly will gladly do much more.

The Map of Europe

By Miles

THE Kaiser's peace offer has achieved one of its purposes—it has caused to dissipate the fog of what we may call the Entente war objective. Both he and we understand more clearly how we stand *vis-à-vis* to the great end in view, which in war is peace, even as in peace we prepare for war. And it is an advantage. The intelligent anticipation [once more] shown by the German peace manoeuvre has extracted a Note from the Allies, which, instead of being harmful, is calculated to do good, and so defeat the Emperor's first move, a satisfactory indication of which is revealed in the passionate exhortation to his people to rally round the God of Potsdam.

At the beginning of the war we all spoke of Nationality; it was to be a People's War. Secret diplomacy was at an end. No longer were a few men, occupying their positions by the chance of election and popularity, to decide the fate of this kingdom. Parliament was to return to its glory as the forum of Democracy. Demos, who was to fight the war, was to end the war—on his terms, stated and publicly sanctioned as the will of the people.

But the war has gone on for a long time, and, beyond the formalist pomposity of Mr. Asquith's famous declaration about "not sheathing the sword," few men could have put in a phrase what the final objective was, all the more as Belgium had long ceased to be the sole point of honour engaged, so vastly had the gages been increased—thus Serbia, Poland, and Roumania and other delimitations. Then we had Mr. Lloyd George's declaration—"reparation, restitution, and guarantees"—almost as nebulous as the formula of Mr. Asquith.

These words are generalisations: it may indeed be said that they are philosophic conditions. I confess I cannot see what adequate reparation there can be for the

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horrors of Belgium, the destruction of Serbian independence, the untold misery of Poland, the fate of the Armenians, the suffering and loss of life generally—in this world, at any rate. Surely monetary compensation is not meant. What, then, in the cold light of reason, can reparation as a condition of peace imply?

It is the same with restitution. Alas! there can be no true restitution either, yet here I presume what is intended is the *status quo*. As for guarantees, it will take a generation for men to place much confidence in guarantees again, whether of "scraps of paper" or of the condominiums of the Powers such as existed in Europe up to 1914 and led directly to war. Democracy may be trusted to look after that sort of thing as the result of Armageddon, but apart from that there are, and can be, no absolute guarantees in this world, because the spirit of life is change and a condition of permanency is unthinkable, particularly in regard to the political sphere of man's activities; the very notion of such a thing is fantastic.

The Lloyd George formula was thus a philosophic generalisation which I, for my part, am only too overjoyed to see removed; for war is an exact operation, and exactness of thought and expression is as important as precision in the command and singleness of direction and execution. It was indeed a weakness for the great Allied peoples to fight on a philosophic formula which was not even philosophic, but rather in the nature of platform rhetoric capable of arbitrary construction. It was partly, we may be sure, this windiness or vagueness which led the Kaiser to start diplomatic operations with the primary object of sowing the seeds of irresolution.

The object of this move is atmosphere. As anticipated, it has provoked Notes, discussions, interpretations, by the score and what, above all, was aimed at—super-complacency. Quite notable, on the other hand, is the *Entente* reply in the shape of the Note addressed to President Wilson.

Here we find for the first time an—*Entente* objective, a war policy. The Note refers to the Map of Europe; defines the idea of war; lays down the principle of peace, which may be described as the overthrow of the Hohenzollern philosophy of force. At last we leave the

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atmosphere of oratory, we have a restatement of Western civilisation; we have what amounts to a Declaration of European Independence. It is nothing less than a Charter of Faith as against the doctrine of Germanic hegemony—in plain words, it is the affirmation of Idea as opposed to the German "Real Policy" of the Map.

Its effect has been bracing on all concerned. In Germany it has provoked a pronounced recrudescence of military determination, and those who know the psychology of the Germans will be under no delusions as to what that will signify in the conduct of the war and in its protraction. The Note is explicit and implicit. It stops all loopholes, leaves the enemy no choice. As a fighting Manifesto, nothing clearer could be desired. He now knows that compromise is out of the question. Until he abandons his Pan-German policy war will go on. The Kaiser stands before the elements he summoned from the depths which now threaten to overwhelm him.

The question is: Do *we* realise the full significance of our Declaration? What it means? The extent of the sacrifices necessary? Also (what must be faced) the price of the alternative?

There are not a few people who imagine that now that the Germans have heard our terms, demoralisation will set in. Realising that they are in a condition of *non possumus*, that they will weaken, quarrel, disintegrate—despair; and that sooner than risk a great military defeat they will consent to any conditions. I find that a common belief. More, I hear men saying, "The war is over." "The Huns have no backbone," men say. "They will never venture all—for the Map of Europe." Indeed, I find a pretty widely shared belief that in the spring of this year the Germans will collapse and give in.

I don't know whether the men who control our destinies participate in that illusion, for that it is an illusion I have not the smallest doubt; but I do know that very serious harm may result from the view to-day tossed about from one man to another that the last phase has arrived, heralding the *débâcle*. When the Germans sent forth their offer of peace they calculated deliberately on the year 1917, and their calculation was based on the supposition that the *Entente* offensives would fail to secure a strategic decision,

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thus leading to disappointment and Ministerial changes, and so to a disposition to test the spirit of compromise. That the German offer denotes despair I do not credit for an instant. This undoubtedly is the psychology of the German manœuvre, and we shall be extremely foolish to nurse any illusions connected with the German stomach either from want of nutrition or of the will to fight.

When, therefore, our Note records the *Entente's* implacable determination, it is well to grasp the logic of it and prepare for all consequences. "This year is to finish the job," we say. "The Germans are beaten, and know it. One more collective blow, and the Hun will be reeling across the Rhine, and his watch will be wound up for ever."

Precisely so the German reckons, only he assumes that the blow will not be decisive, in which case he calculates that the clock of next Christmas will find the *Entente* in a reasonable frame of mind which will lead him to the round table of the politicians.

Now in war the good soldier does not speculate; he provides for all eventualities and emergencies. And the good *Entente* soldier to-day will not count on the weakness, actual or potential, of his enemy, but on his *strength*, which to-day he knows to be engaged on the most comprehensive national concentration recorded in history. It should be so with the civilian behind the soldier. The danger is disappointment. On the one hand, he will see his aims proclaimed in the Allies' Note—he will look to the resolution necessary to enforce them. To talk about a German collapse is to disseminate complacency or weakness. It is to instil a false spirit. It is to play the German game deliberately calculated upon as the fruit of the peace offer, which men who are wise will see was not an offer of peace, but rather an offer to discuss the conditions of an arrangement as dictated by the map of Europe according to the war.

And what we have to remember is that so far the Germans possess the pawns of peace at any table of conference, with the exception of her colonies and the matter of trade, and that, short of a complete victory on the field on our part, as yet we have no castle to play with. We have spoken of time as the winning factor and it is true,

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yet only relatively. The Germans have no foreign exchange, whereas ours is of the greatest importance; and similarly we have argued about food. Neither hardship is likely to bring down the Germans, as we ought by this time to realise. Only force will compel them to change their attitude towards life, as again we can see from the German offer couched in the language of a victor. So far the Germans have learnt nothing. Their peace terms are calculated on conditions of strategic advantage and disadvantage—on militarism. There is indeed nothing to show that Potsdam views the map of Europe other than as a potential battleground or a question of Power, which is the idea we Allies have pledged ourselves to eradicate from our breakfast-table. I can detect only caution in their peace manœuvre, not a confession of helplessness. I can see no reason to regard it in any other light than that of military expediency, just as I can see no hope of bringing about peace until we have administered at least one shattering blow which, if it is not final, will compel an admission of our superiority.

All current idea that the Germans will accept our terms rather than risk decisive defeat I hold to be sheer illusion, and in itself dangerous propaganda.

We thought that last summer would witness the summit of strength, would constitute the climax; but now we know that this year the combined strength of the Allies will be incomparably greater than last year. It may be that this year, too, will not reach the climax. A great deal will depend on weather. A wet summer would militate gravely against us. Anticipation ought to have no part in our reckonings. Personally, I hold that if we can eject the Germans from France this year, we shall have done excellently; but whether that will lead to peace is another matter, and quite hypothetical. Strategic retirements in this war have led to successes rather than failure—thus on the Marne, the Russian retirement. In the necessarily positional gun battles of positional warfare, the objective inevitably takes the form of tactical rather than of strategical success, which in a war of this magnitude is not positive. Now only positive victories count.

The map of Europe is thus the only way to look on the war, despite the ingenuous assurances of that school which

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affects to disregard the seat of war for conjectures and hypotheses which lie outside it. And so long as the Germans regard statesmanship as a question of power—parenthetically it may be admitted that most nations do so regard it, otherwise the so-called “balance of power” would have no meaning—precisely so long will political boundaries be regarded as military boundaries or rights to be fought for and defended nationally, in which connection the map of Europe is, and will remain, the reason of bloated armaments or power. This is what we are fighting against and for—our power, which is threatened by Germanic power. A very old story in history, a sort of European climacteric. It was so in the days of Louis XIV., and in the days of Napoleon. We are to-day fighting for the map of Europe, as in the times of the Black Prince, and to deny this is either ignorance or hypocrisy.

I am not concerned with the ethics of the contest one way or the other—ethics are distinctly discredited to-day. The question is Germany's claim to dominate Europe, and the trouble is that she has dominated a considerable part of it, and still holds what she has seized. When, therefore, we allege that the map is only a German subterfuge and of no importance, I find I can only rub my eyes, for I do not understand.

Now we ought all to understand, because the final solution may be a long way off, and the more the war is protracted, the greater will become the complications of interests which are not homogeneous. And I believe the Germans, sooner than accept the conditions of our Note to President Wilson, will fight on, however bankrupt, however suffering, however stricken in life and substance, if only for the reason that the alternative signifies their downfall as a first-class Power, and literally the effacement of the German Allied constellation. Look at it in this way. Would we give in? I don't think so? No matter how many obliging neutrals supply us with pathetic tales of economic conditions in Germany, only a simpleton believes that the Germans are *really* starving or will ever be reduced by want of food to knuckle under. In the old days we should have said, “tell that to the marines”; to-day I suppose I must say, “tell that to the submarines.” Anyhow, beyond grave inconvenience, shortness, and hardship,

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we may be sure the Germans can live on what they get, and will be able to live, if the war lasts another five years. It shows weakness to count on the weakness of one's adversary; and now that the food question has become an actual problem here, the most manly thing we can do is to drop chuckling at the discomfiture of the foe produced by our use of Sea Power—to continue which argument might land me into controversy with Mr. Balfour's recent "covering letter" on the question of a durable peace.

Once more, let me say that this war is for the map of Europe, and will be decided by the map. Not for a moment do I believe that the time will come when the Huns will cry: "You are right, we have been wrong. Our philosophy of force is a crime; your Alliance of power is the truth, and we therefore agree to disarm, and consent to be dismembered and parcelled up according as you think right, as the punishment for our ambitious pretensions. Take Potsdam, the Hohenzollerns, our Navy, and Heligoland—we go back to Goethe and the contemplative life, to cosmopolitanism and chamber music, on the condition that you don't banish Wagner from your operas."

Not a bit of it. If his Western front line is broken, he will retire and fight on his second line, and again on his Meuse line, and finally on the Rhine, and he will not give in then—until we force him to. For forty years the Hun has dreamed and trained for this fight, and behind him stand, as bitter as he, his womenfolk. To make the German change his opinions about power and European policy, you must get in under the skull into his brain; but to do that you must first crack his pate. In no other way will his brain soften. As for the German woman, she will urge on the man to resist us to the last hiccup.

It seems to me most necessary to state this in the face of the super-optimism floating about as the result of the Kaiser's offer to negotiate, arbitrarily interpreted as a confession of weakness, if not of despair. For here the map comes in. The Germans have staked out their claims, and so they ask us to negotiate; and if we look at the map, instead of talking about the shrinkage of the German belly, we will find a curious Pan-German disposition to settle himself all round the Danube and astride the line linking Hamburg to Constantinople and the East.

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We cannot regard his conquest of Wallachia as an act of aggression, because Roumania declared war first, and no amount of ethics will explain away the change in the map as the result of a singular miscalculation of power on the part of the *Entente* Staff, which has thus lost a vital corridor for the exercise of power both political and strategic. Our Roumanian blunder was indeed inexcusable, for we have forfeited a part of our moral right through failure—even in morality nothing succeeds like success. And when we study the map we can find small consolation in the big army concentrated at Salonika, which so far has led rather to a political struggle than to any serious effort to attack the map.

And now I find the very idea of the map scouted. "All on the West!" is the cry, which means all in for the fight, on the principle of the "knock-out." I will not discuss that matter further except to say this: The Germans are fighting for the map, and have actually got what they wanted to get. This implies that the war has realised the demands of policy. Now to ignore the policy for war implies on our part an absence of policy in favour of force with the object of breaking the opposing force. And that is to say our argument ignores the map for the field of battle on the line of chief resistance. This year will prove the wisdom of the choice: that of the Germans in adapting strategy to the political objective of the war, or that which ignores military geography.

Democracy should thoroughly understand the situation before it in 1917. And the best thing we can do, after our very stiff Note to Mr. Wilson, is to stop talking about conditions, and consider the steps necessary to impose our power upon the enemy in such a way that he perforce admits and yields to it. The notion that "bluff" will end the war is a real danger to our cause. I notice with some alarm the propensity of the new Ministers to deliver speeches here and about. Speeches won't help. We do not want more talk; still less do we want itinerant talking Ministers. The new Ministers should be silent men—framers, builders, directors. I do not like to read in the Press of this Minister's activities anent potatoes in the parks, or that Minister's provincial campaign of enlightenment. Why any campaign? If the new Ministers know

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their jobs, they ought to be evolving their several schemes in silence; yet I notice a land controversy, a potato controversy, a two-course luncheon controversy, and still a Man-Power controversy, which professional boxers seem to "duck" with remarkable facility.

The question is still of power, and it is still an open question. Mr. Wilson has issued an Eirenicon which will assuredly command world-wide attention, for it is quite the most interesting statement called forth by the war. And what we have to consider is his argument: Whether the war is to be fought for balance of power—*i.e.*, the map—or in the higher ethics of mankind? Till we all face this argument honestly, nations will fight for power. If we determine to fight on for the map, then let us face the map. A grave danger lies in facing neither argument squarely, in which case there may be more disillusion. In fact, we must either face Mr. Wilson or the map—that is, as it stands under German military correction. We have spoken well this year; it is for us to see to it that the execution of our words does not fall short, as otherwise I fear there may be but a slight modification in ethics of the Map of Europe.

Irish Peace Talk—A Reply

By Ronald M'Neill, M.P.

It is always wise to remember that a *nom de plume* may conceal a person entitled to respect, and therefore to refrain from anything like dogmatism in expressing dissent from his views. "Sacerdos," the author of an article entitled "The Catholic Church and Home Rule" in the January number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, may be such a person—a well-informed Irishman, perhaps, and, as his pseudonym would seem to hint, a member of the Church he castigates. But if so, his article only proves for the thousandth time what a bewildering diversity of impressions may be derived by different observers of the same phenomena, especially Irish phenomena.

For to me, claiming as I do some familiarity with Irish history, Irish politics, and Irish life, the article referred to seems an almost fantastic conglomeration of fallacious inferences drawn from half-truths.

I have no comment to make on the writer's indictment of the Catholic Church's indifference to crimes of violence in Ireland, except that Orangemen have often been accused of bitter bigotry for calling attention to the same and many similar historical facts in less vigorous language. Nor do I disagree with the explanation offered by "Sacerdos" that the influence of the Catholic clergy is too dependent on the support of political societies to allow them to deal faithfully with crime of a quasi-political character. It is also true, I think, that "the purely spiritual power of the priests is very much on the wane," and that some of them are less zealous in the cause of Home Rule than they were a generation ago, anticipating that it might pave the way for an anti-clerical movement as in France and Italy. The late Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell used to tell me that his ardour for Home Rule would be greatly diminished if he did not feel confident that such a result would follow.

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But "Sacerdos" goes utterly astray, putting two and two together and making five, when he asserts that this sacerdotal shyness towards Home Rule—which he himself limits to the small minority who can be called "the more far-seeing of the priests"—is the reason for their "condonation of crime and encouragement of sedition." I profess no intimate knowledge of the Irish priests, although I number one or two of them among my personal friends, and "Sacerdos" (if his mask has any meaning) should know more about them than I do. But I really must decline to believe that they are as subtly Machiavellian as he supposes. A priesthood capable of encouraging sedition and condoning murder, with the hidden motive of thereby bringing discredit on political propaganda which they openly preach but secretly fear, would be worthy of the Jesuits in their palmiest days as seen through Calvinist glasses. The Irish priests of to-day are not at all of that type. And even if they were equal to such consummate craft, the whole speculation of "Sacerdos" is disposed of by the fact that whereas their recoil from Home Rule, such as it is, is of yesterday, their "condonation of crime and encouragement of sedition" is nothing new in Irish history.

Having thus erected a ramshackle edifice of disjointed cause and effect, "Sacerdos" climbs it to a pinnacle of topsy-turvydom. In order to defeat the design of these wicked clerical condoners of crime, he would have us reward the criminal. Crime, we are told, springs from the denial of Home Rule; the priests, secretly hating Home Rule, seek to discredit it by encouraging crime; therefore, grant Home Rule at once to spite the priests! "Sinn Fein and all other kindred movements and societies," says "Sacerdos," "would then lose their *raison d'être*." Which merely means that when you have surrendered to rebels they have no further reason for rebellion—although, in point of fact, the writer of the article is here again at fault, since Sinn Fein means something very different from Home Rule, and would be in no degree pacified by its attainment.

This seems to me by no means a convincing line of thought to have led a writer who assures us he is "a convinced Conservative and Imperialist," or, indeed, any

IRISH PEACE TALK—A REPLY

clear-headed person to whatever party he might belong, to the conclusion that in order to set free "all our vigour and attention for the war" it is advisable to plunge back into bitter party politics, and to treat as mere scraps of paper the most emphatic public pledges of statesmen to one of the most patriotic communities in the country.

For nothing less than this, of course, would be involved in doing what our convinced Conservative and Imperialist calls "recognising the claims of Irish nationality." Anyone who doubts this, anyone who in a spirit of sloppy optimism imagines that bedrock differences of political principle will evaporate under the genial warmth of sentimental allusion to "comradeship of the trenches," misconceives realities as completely as those who dream that the other "peace talk" can extinguish the European conflagration.

It is surely a remarkable circumstance that a convinced Imperialist who "supports the claims of the Irish to Home Rule," and urges that those claims should be satisfied during the war, never from beginning to end of his article makes any mention whatever of Ulster?

This is not the time to discuss the Ulster question anew, though the provocation to do so is great when speakers and writers seem lightheartedly disposed to leave it out of account in their eagerness to clasp hands with the followers of Roger Casement. But to ignore Ulster is to ignore the central factor in the Irish situation. If Ministerial pledges have any value, Ulster cannot be coerced. The "claims of the Irish to Home Rule" can only be satisfied if they keep their hands off the one-third of the Irish who make no such claims, but resist them with all their might. If the claimants had been content to do this, they could have had Home Rule *for themselves* last June. On the same terms they could probably get it to-morrow. But so long as Nationalists refuse to make the smallest sacrifice of their own extreme demands, or the smallest concession to the equally strong convictions of their Unionist fellow-Irishmen—so long as their idea of "give and take" is to give nothing and take all, it is a perversion of truth to speak as if Ulster were the obstacle to "settlement" of the Irish question.

I cannot conclude without expressing regret that

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"Sacerdos," or any patriotic British writer, at a time like this should think fit to join with Bethmann-Hollweg in suggesting that any conceivable parallel can be traced between the position of Ireland in the United Kingdom and that of oppressed minor nationalities on the Continent whose liberation we are hoping to accomplish. To couple Ireland in a sentence with Prussian Poland or the Italian provinces of Austria, is a cheap and easy dialectical trick; but it requires a rich endowment of ignorance to be deceived by it.

If those districts had been for several generations governed under democratic constitutions, in which they enjoyed far more than their proper proportional share of political power; if their institutions of local government had been as large and as free as any other provinces under the same flag possessed; if they had been for more than half a century the special solicitude of the legislatures in which they were over-represented; if their language had been encouraged and taught in their schools at the expense of the State; if the cultivators of their soil were prospering under exceptional agrarian laws envied by every other peasantry in Europe; if their religion, their Press, and their persons were as free as any on earth; if a considerable minority of the most progressive among them were passionately opposed to any change of allegiance—if these were the conditions of Poles and Czechs, Italians and Slavs, in the Central Empires, they might indeed be said to present some analogy with Ireland, but it would be an abuse of language, to call them oppressed nationalities.

The War Loan

By Raymond Radclyffe

MR. BONAR LAW has acted with great promptitude. He lost so little time in making his issue of the great Loan that one suspects that his predecessor must have arranged the details. But even if Mr. McKenna did this, he certainly did not put into the head of Mr. Bonar Law the idea of lowering the value of money. By the issue of 6 per cent. Treasuries and 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds British credit was placed upon that level. To-day it is reduced to a 5 per cent. level. This will displease no one. The only question is whether the Chancellor is sufficiently strong to carry out his plan. The strength of his position really depends upon whether he can successfully convert the short-dated debt into a long-dated debt. He opened his lists with an offer to exchange £1,641,486,000 Treasuries and Exchequer Bonds into either 4 or 5 per cent. Loan. If he can induce holders to convert, then he has the money market more or less at his mercy. But there are outstanding £159,204,000 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds and an unknown quantity of 6 per cent. Treasury Bills. It is not certain that holders of these securities will be inclined to exchange. It is true that they will be obtaining Scrip in a Loan which is admirably protected by a Sinking Fund, and which may any time after 1929, and must be, as far as the 5 per cent. Loan is concerned, all paid off by 1947, and as far as the 4 per cent. Loan by 1942; also both Loans are as good as cash in paying death duties. Thus every precaution has been taken to keep the Loans round par. So even holders of 6 per cent. securities may be tempted.

There can be very little doubt that practically the whole of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan amounting to nearly nine hundred millions will be converted. The terms are excellent, and no one but a fool would refuse to convert. There will, of course, be a certain number of people who have

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invested in Treasuries and Exchequer Bonds purely as a matter of business, and who will need the cash for their trade. These people cannot convert. It is a fair thing to say that at least 50 per cent. of the Treasuries will be converted, or say six hundred millions. If we consider that five hundred millions of Exchequer Bonds will be exchanged and the whole of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Loan, we get two thousand millions of new Loan.

The question arises: How much new money will be subscribed? It is impossible to answer the question. We can only make the vaguest of guesses. Bankers think that there are about two hundred millions lying in their current and deposit accounts which may be available for the Loan. Also large numbers of people will probably subscribe in advance of their income. That is to say, a man with a thousand a year will apply for £500, and will borrow from his bank in order to meet the instalments. As the terms of payment are very easy, this will not be difficult. There are not many channels of investment left open to-day. It is unpatriotic to buy Yankees. It is also rather expensive. Foreign loans are discouraged, and new issues of capital will certainly not be made until the War Loan is out of the way. Therefore we may take it that if the investment income of the British nation is four hundred millions a year, at least one hundred millions of this money will go into the War Loan. Perhaps we shall not be far out in our guessing if we say that the total of the Loan will be two thousand three hundred millions. It is possible that this figure will be exceeded. If so, all the better. It is a stupendous Loan—the greatest that has ever been issued in the history of the world.

Everyone is asking whether they had better take up the 4 per cent. Loan and free themselves from the income tax, or apply for the 5 per cent. Loan and include the interest in their income-tax return. The Treasury has not behaved very well in this matter, for it has insisted that interest on the 4 per cent. Loan shall be included in the income-tax return, and this seems a kind of trick. Also dividends on the 4 per cent. Loan are subject to super-tax. This will prevent rich people from applying for the 4 per cent. Every encouragement is given to applicants for the 5 per cent. Loan, and this makes one think that the Govern-

THE WAR LOAN

ment has in its mind that the income tax will be raised before the war is over. Personally, I feel certain that this will happen. Therefore I advise people of moderate means who under no circumstances can be called upon to pay super-tax to apply for the 4 per cent. tax free Loan, and thus make themselves quite safe. They do not lose much in interest, and they certainly guarantee themselves against reduced income. Also, if the income tax is increased, the 5 per cent. Loan may fall in price, and the 4 per cent. Loan may rise. This is another reason for choosing the Loan which is tax free. With income tax at 3s. in the pound, the net yield on £1,000 is £42 10s. If the tax is raised another 1s., then the 5 per cent. Loan will give no higher income than the 4 per cent. Loan; and at 5s. in the pound the income is reduced to £37 10s. per £1,000. I leave out all question of redemption values.

Rumour says that Mr. Lloyd George obtained the support of the Labour Party by promising to conscript capital in the same way as he has conscripted labour. It is quite clear that capital can only be taxed through the income tax. It would be impossible whilst the war is on to value the property of each individual citizen, and make him pay the State a percentage on that value. An enormous amount of labour would be required, and we simply have not got the men. Also the expense would be prodigious, and we should not be justified in going to such an expense in war-time. But the machinery for collecting income tax is ready to hand, and it costs no more to collect 10s. than to collect 5s. Therefore it is more than likely that the tax will be raised. This will please the Labour Party, and the capitalists will not be asked.

Until the Loan has closed and the figures are available, it is useless to discuss the question of how much the conversion will cost the country. We do not know the dates of the Treasuries or how much they have cost to issue. No doubt some Member of Parliament will ask for a return and will have the whole question of cost thoroughly discussed. It is very important that we should know this. The new Loan will not be issued cheaply—that is quite certain. Nevertheless, it was a necessity, and it is clear that it is the duty of every citizen of the United Kingdom to apply for as much as he possibly can. It is also good

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business, because the more money the Chancellor gets, the less chance there is of a higher rate of income tax. Even if four or five hundred millions of new money be subscribed, we have still got to face the Government year of 1917, in which we shall have to add another two thousand millions to the National Debt. We do not want again to get into the position in which we were landed by Mr. McKenna. Mr. Bonar Law has taken the right line, and it is necessary for us to give him our wholehearted support.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

THE fires of the controversy concerning national music still flicker fitfully. My recent remarks on the qualifications required for an adjudicator under the Carnegie scheme have goaded Mr. Ernest Newman into ruling me out as a potential candidate for the post. Let me reassure him. My present occupations give me quite as many opportunities for making enemies as I care about. But his reasons are interesting. According to him I am down on second-hand Brahms, whilst others are no less down on second-hand Debussy, Ravel, or Stravinsky. The antithesis implies, I suppose, that I do not disapprove of imitation so long as the model is not German. As the point has been raised before, and the musical world has been inactive during the past month, a few notes on imitation in general may not be untimely.

In the first place I decline to subscribe to the charge so often made that our composers imitate Debussy and other moderns as freely as the reactionaries among them do the Germans. In an interesting published correspondence with Mr. Robin Legge, Mons. T. J. Guéritte, who gave two concerts of British music in Paris, points out that compositions which are regarded here as being influenced, to the detriment of their originality, by the tendencies of the modern French school, do not make that impression on French ears, which "detect quite well an accent and a spirit in them which is not French but British," whilst those others "sound hardly like English music, for German influence is throughout felt too much. They might as well have been written in Germany as in England." It is our audiences, and not a few of our critics, who are at fault. Saturated as they are with the *clichés* of German tradition, they accept them as inevitable ingredients of music; but let a composer use a *cliché* of

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another school, and at once he is dubbed an imitator of that school. If a composer indites a "development section," the whole mental processes of which are taught him by his musical parents and guardians, he may still escape the reproach of being unoriginal, but if at some convenient point he introduces a pair of consecutive major thirds, some pundit or other is sure to describe him as influenced by Debussy.

That is the whole thing in a nutshell. Our students, who are brought up on German music and taught from text-books containing an overwhelming majority of German examples, insensibly assimilate something of the mental process. The whole business of orthodox "thematic development," which can be so engrossing in the work of a German master, to whom it is an artistic inheritance, becomes almost inevitably tedious in a British composer to whom it is an acquired habit. No doubt if French or Russian music had been taught to our students with the same unremitting perseverance they would have acquired correspondingly tedious habits. But they have not been taught French or Russian methods. They have even been warned against them, whereby those methods have acquired the attractiveness of forbidden fruit, to which they have occasionally helped themselves surreptitiously, and which they have consumed too hurriedly for comfortable assimilation. Their very superficiality is often their salvation. To think out a symphonic page according to the most approved methods of the German tradition is subservient. To ornament it with a few borrowed plumes is merely ingenuous. The one gives me the impression of a gentleman's gentleman; the other reminds me of those delightful people who, after a week-end in Paris, absorb absinthe as a *pousse-café*.

There is no plagiarism in the adoption of a technical device. Our language is constantly being enriched with new words. Is a young author guilty of plagiarism because he is not the first to use one of these? If I write "as it were" between two commas, that does not make me an imitator of Henry James. Mr. Max Beerbohm, in his "Christmas Garland," has shown us how he may be parodied, and that, with the humour left out, is how our young students have imitated Brahms.

Every composer who invents a new harmonic or instru-

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mental device is enriching the common vocabulary. It is not only from the accepted classics that technique is studied. But, after all, it is not the words a man uses that matter, but the way in which he uses them. What does it matter whether a composer modulates from one tonality to another over one of the enharmonic bridges, or portmanteau chords so dear to the heart of the German musician, or over a tonal progression of the type to which, with more study of convenience than accuracy, we attach the name of Debussy? What matters is the spirit, and it is the spirit of our music that has been undermined by this exclusive study of one set of models.

For the student-artist I can see no midway path between two extremes. Either he must avoid all models and develop himself intuitively, in which case he will naturally pass through the successive art phases like a Haeckel embryo, commencing *ab ovo* as a primitive, or he must make the whole art output his model—or, in other words, have so many models that he is in no danger of imitating any one of them. The first course is impracticable, for it involves ears stopped with cotton-wool from birth. Otherwise the first barrel-organ wheezing out some vague intermezzo would constitute an overwhelming influence. The only safety lies in true catholicity, which is the opposite of German classicism—a catholicity that extends not only to those schools that have recently emancipated themselves from German influence, but to the primitive, the exotic, and even the barbaric. It is because of that catholicity that the music of France and Russia has attained such vitality. Both have drawn strength, Antæus-like, from the native soil, but with refreshed youth they have opened their windows to all the winds of the musical heavens. In Russia the rhythms of Irano-Caucasian music have been added to the available resources. France profited musically from the exotic sounds heard at the first Paris Exhibition. To-day the most acceptable musical interpretation of India comes not from an English, but from a French musician, Maurice Delage. Yet, with all this catholicity, French musicians of to-day are the least imitative of all. They enlarge their musical vocabulary to the widest possible extent and then say what they have to say. Our Germanophiles have a limited vocabulary, and say little as grandiloquently as they can.

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I prefer those others who enlarge their vocabulary as opportunity offers, even if they are so proud of the latest word that they sometimes make one wish they had never heard it. Of the two kinds of imitation it is certainly alike the less harmful and the less lasting, and meanwhile they have, as a rule, something to say, for the spirit that urges them to the adoption of new devices is related to that which prompts original thought. At the worst it is the spirit of a pathfinder, not of a personally-conducted tourist.

If the decay that must inevitably overtake the inferior paper of to-day were to reduce Germanophil music to rags, a clever student could reconstitute page after page of it from a few fragments, just as a palæontologist reconstitutes an extinct mammal from two vertebræ and a knucklebone. That is the kind of music I am "down on." To attempt the same with a fragment containing a tonal scale or an "added" sixth would be like measuring a man's brain by his waistcoat buttons.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE TOWNS OF ROMAN BRITAIN. By REV. J. O. BEVAN.
Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.

Infinite wisdom in a little room. A pocketable little book, containing in compressed form most of what is known about the chief forts and towns of the Roman occupation. A book equally well suited for the touring archæologist, who will find it an admirable index to his explorations, or for the schoolmaster, who will appreciate its value as a link between topography and the classics. A couple of clear and simple maps add to its usefulness.

JOHN WEBSTER AND THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By RUPERT BROOKE. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d. net.

Many reasons, one of them only too sadly obvious, combine to give this book an altogether unusual interest. It is the sole piece of purely critical writing that Rupert Brooke has left to us—it was the “dissertation” with which he won his Fellowship at King’s College, Cambridge, in 1913—and to read it is to realise once more the loss that English letters sustained by his untimely death. As for the dissertation itself, it is not only sound and illuminating (if at times deliberately audacious) criticism, but something infinitely more personal to the writer—the critic as creative artist; and the critic who was the very embodiment of challenging youth. Reading it, one has the side thought that he was surely fortunate in his judges. Not, certainly, for all academic taste would be such defiant modernity. What—for lack of a better term—one must call thin ice held no terrors for Rupert Brooke; he rather takes a boyish delight to stamp about on it, out of a pleasant enjoyment of the cracks and bubbles. It is to the donnish credit that they saw the real worth hidden by much that is clearly

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written with no other purpose than a youthful wish to make elder persons jump. Besides the chapters of appreciation, there are a series of appendices, dealing with the several plays of Webster in detail, and a bibliography. These make up a book, valuable not only as a study of one of the great figures of the English renaissance, but as being the last of the four volumes that comprise all we shall ever possess of a writer whose full quality no one can properly judge.

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 6s. net.

It is difficult to review this work because it is philosophy, and war is the negation of philosophy. To-day destruction is the business of Europe, whereas Mr. Russell thinks of construction; it is the bitter truth that a book such as this in time of war is—an intellectual luxury. The fact is, a man cannot well be truthful to-day. If it comes to reason, to scientific thought, to objective criticism, there is only madness in Europe since 1914, and the moment we analyse things the mind is staggered at what philosophically may truthfully be called the utter madness of the struggle, which, like all physical achievements, will in time vanish and leave but a memory. That is, of course, the difference between spiritual matter and material matter.

What we have to face in life at this hour is patriotism—the patriotism of the Germans as opposed to ours. And that is a damnably real force. The question therefore arises of country—right or wrong. If we are patriots, then philosophy will not concern us until the physical struggle is at an end; if we are spiritual enough so to detach our minds from realities as to roam in the domain of abstract thought, then we shall approve this book; it should be read in any case.

Mr. Russell has a singularly clear mind, and what he has written may well become the watchwords of to-morrow. There are sentences in this book of astonishing power and truth. Especially to us in England is his message useful, for it is the spiritual message of cold intellect. Perhaps that is its weakness.

Mr. Russell seems to leave out of account passion. He

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recognises love. How is it he does not recognise hate—the motive force of mankind? Likewise vanity he seems to overlook. Is it conceivable that man will ever cease to be vain, and so ambitious, or will ever obtain such mastery over his passion as to know no hatred, no sense of possession, which again is the male definition of love? These are the things Mr. Russell appears to neglect. If there is love, there will be the sense of possession, and so jealousy, hate, desire, ambition; nor can one imagine a world of absolute pacificism so long as passion in any shape or form existed. Yet suppose there was such a world. Would we not atrophy, even as unused muscles atrophy? Would not the sex instinct, love, equally atrophy, thus leading to decay? Surely impulse, which is Mr. Russell's theory, is animalistic. And is not the first impulse of a baby to howl and grab? And is not morality a purely artificial thing? Man's natural impulse is to fight. I can see no perfection.

A JOURNAL OF SMALL THINGS. By HELEN MACKAY.
Melrose. 5s.

The people of to-morrow will visualise the France of to-day through this volume of Mrs. Mackay's—a volume of fragmentary sketches of life within speaking distance, as it were, of the firing line. The author tells of the last golden days of July, 1914, of gardens and châteaux which are in ruin, of good women struggling against the crudities of town hospitals, of the soldier who went forth to fight on the eve of the birth of his son—"and he so wanted a boy." Mrs. Mackay loves France with a love that is never sentimental nor squeamish, and she has given us a book which will be read.

FICTION

DANDELIONS. By COULSON T. CADE. Martin Secker. 5s.

Here is a tale of two generations. The father dies after a life of a number of agreeable love-tangles. In every other respect Mr. Cade tells us that he was quite an agreeable baronet. Young Sir Cupid (what a name!) is inclined to follow the love path of his father, in spite of the training

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of his schoolmaster, and he entangles himself with the lady who was the last of his father's playthings. Heredity is too strong for him. But the mistake that Mr. Cade makes is to assume that the sins of the fathers fall upon the sons. It is the sins of generations that matter. Nevertheless, this is an extremely able, well-written, and well-constructed narrative. It has colour and distinction; and if it is a first novel, it shows uncommon promise.

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